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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: FUGITIVES FROM PERTOLIA SIXPENCE.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: CHINESE SOLDIERS ENTERING THE PRINCIPAL GATE AT PEKING.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If I were an æsthetic housebreaker, I should feel cut to the heart by the newspaper romance of the Radziwill jewels. By æsthetic housebreaker I mean the cultivated man who is a born collector of gems, but has not the means to acquire them in the legitimate ways of commerce. You remember the highly respectable gentleman in Wilkie Collins's story, who, although a philanthropist by training, was a thief by inspiration, and could not keep unlawful fingers off the famous Moonstone. Nobody would dream of classing Godfrey Ablewhite with William Sikes (nobody, that is to say, except administrators of the criminal law, who are notoriously lacking in delicacy of perception), and I have often thought that the dreamy and poetical branch of the burglarious profession must be recruited by rare spirits, who are outwardly sedate and prosaic citizens, true to what one of Mr. Hardy's peasants calls "sound doxology," but inwardly inflamed by that grace which borrows lustre from the jewels of princesses, and borrows it in the practical as well as the spiritual sense.

Now, conceive the feelings of a thief with this refinement when he read that the Princess Radziwill's jewels, which he had stolen with great care and forethought, were not real. Think of this man, whose soul had often brooded with unutterable yearning over the melancholy lines—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,

and had then been cheered by the thought that, while the ocean caves are out of reach, the dressing-tables of careless ladies are happily accessible. What horrible pessimism must have smitten him when he was told that the tiaras and rivieres of diamonds, the opals with their tremulous tints, the intoxicating rubies that rush to the brain like the wine when it is red, were all duplicates—of poor marketable value, and revolting to the supreme purity of truth! At that moment he might have burst into bitter impromptu—

Princess, undying time shalt quote
My curse on that ignoble prank
That clasped imposture round your throat,
And hid true splendour in your bank!

There was no necklace in the bank, and the tale of the counterfeit gems was a figment. But what suspicion it must have sown in the felonious mind!

In one of Maupassant's grim stories the wife of a very poor functionary borrows a diamond necklace to wear at a State ball. The jewels are lost that very night, and the luckless couple have to face the task of replacing them. By pinching and starving, and sinking to abject poverty, they raise enough money to buy a necklace of equal value, and the wife repairs with this to her friend, to whom she relates the whole story. "My dear!" exclaims that astonished lady, "why didn't you tell me at once? My diamonds were false!" The disillusion of the æsthetic housebreaker would be a still greater shock. He may ask mistrustfully even now why shops for the sale of shimmering imitations are multiplying in London. When game is in season the poulterer displays this enticing placard: "Pheasants are cheap to-day." You look at that without emotion; but with what a thrill you read: "Patagonian Diamonds were Half-a-Crown. To-day they are only a Shilling. Now is your time!"

"The world is still deceived with ornament!" says Bassanio, and, therefore, he looks for his treasure in the leaden casket. But if he were to meet the lady of Belmont now at an evening party, clad in her diamonds, would he suspect that all this display is artificial, and that the dark, though not unfathom'd caves of Coutts's bear the purest ray serene? This subject, I admit, is one in which philosophical man is not sure of his bearings. He may understand the satisfaction of depositing diamonds in a bank as representing so much bullion; but can he enter into the feminine joy of wearing sham stones when the real Simon Pures are in the banker's safe? Suppose it should be taken for granted some day that all visible jewels are false, and suppose that the competition in polite advertisement should be settled by some authoritative pronouncement like this: "It is universally admitted that Lady Godiva's tiara is the most splendid sham of the season." Will this rather dubious glory satisfy the feminine ambition, or will a reaction in favour of truth make the caves of Coutts's yield up their sparkling treasures?

Some months ago I was a target for reproach because I hinted that the red coat of our military was doomed. When I met the home-slaying Mr. Atkins now in his brief, scarlet tunic, I want to suggest to him with subdued jocularity that his dress is an anachronism, but restrain myself lest he should take the epithet amiss, as the Dublin fishwife took the parallelogram flung at her by O'Connell. Probably Mr. Atkins is sufficiently uneasy in his glowing jacket, and mightily jealous of the khaki that fills the popular imagination. When he walks with fifty housemaids out of Chelsea to the Strand, perhaps the coolness of their demeanour makes him sensible that the glory of

the old uniform has departed. Moreover, has not Mr. George Wyndham, who, being a man of letters, has a lyrical way of speaking for the War Office, declared that he hopes to see the day when the whole Army will don the dress endeared to the nation by the achievements in South Africa? I fancy that Mr. Wyndham, when he is about to make a statement of this kind, says to himself, with a gratified sigh, in the words of Viola, "I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical," and then has a misgiving that it is much too poetical for his department. What do the War Office tailors say to this proposal for transforming the red uniform into khaki for evermore?

Let us beware of poetry and be guided by cool reason. The justification of khaki for the Army is that the soldier nowadays must be invisible in action. There are certain creatures which, for self-preservation, take the colour of their local abode, so that you can scarcely distinguish them from twigs or leaves. On the same principle the modern soldier is to fashion himself so as to look as like as possible to his mother earth. Shakspeare applied that principle with his customary foresight when he made Birnam Wood march to Dunsinane, and Macbeth's watchmen saw men as trees walking. This is all very well in warfare; but when he is at home, the soldier wishes to be conspicuous, not invisible, and this reflection has prompted some prudent reformer to suggest that, if khaki be deemed necessary for full war-paint, there should be "an ornamental dress for walking out." Who is to choose that? This is a question which poets, law-givers, the War Office itself, cannot be trusted to decide. Mr. Wyndham must feel the pulse of the people; he must appeal boldly to the fifty housemaids; and if there is too exclusively democratic a suffrage for his political principles, let him add fifty ladies of the aristocracy, not forgetting Lady Godiva, and Lady Clara Vere de Vere, who will not let that foolish Imperial Yeoman go.

There are poets who give up to politics what was meant for literature, and there is a kind of politician who disfigures literature by stamping about in it, like a hippopotamus in a fountain. Of that kind is Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, who is the Populist candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. One of the Populist principles, I believe, is that aliens in the United States shall be deprived of the right of holding land. Mr. Donnelly would treat Shakspeare as an alien in the Republic of letters. That poet holds a place which, in the Populist view, rightfully belongs to Bacon; and Mr. Donnelly, who has bored mankind with a stupendous essay in proof of this, now assures us that the very inscription on Shakspeare's tomb bears witness to his imposture. The clerks and sextons of Stratford-on-Avon seem to have had a poor repute in his day for taste and discrimination. They would dig up bones from the churchyard and bundle them into the charnel-house near which he was buried; and it was probably for their behoof that he wrote the doggerel which closed his tomb so effectually that it was not opened even to receive his wife.

But this is not enough for Mr. Donnelly. He applies to the rhymes that served so well to frighten illicit bone-distillers the test of what he calls Bacon's secret cipher. This produces the disclosure that "Francis Bacon wrote the Marlowe, Greene, and Shakspeare plays." It is disappointing. Mr. Donnelly must have expected more than this. If in the intervals of writing the works that bear his illustrious name, and of discharging the duties of a somewhat laborious office in the State, Bacon could find time to write Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Greene, I see no reason why he should not have written Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—in short, the whole Elizabethan drama. Nothing in the shape of toil is impossible to such a prodigy. Not only did he pile Pelion on Ossa by writing Shakspeare, but with sheer wanton riot of intellect he introduced the cryptogram into the plays for the Populist candidate to find out. Whilst his imagination was in the throes of "Lear," "Hamlet," and what not, his historical conscience was penning a veracious narrative of the life and times of Elizabeth, and interweaving it with the blank verse. The Baconian theorists say it is incredible that a man of Shakspeare's education could have written his poetry; but they offer us in their imaginary Bacon the most astounding miracle in human history.

My complaint of this Bacon is that he made an injudicious use of his impossible faculties. Why on earth should he take the trouble to write the plays of Greene? The blessed cipher has not taught Mr. Donnelly that Greene was a clever satirist, pamphleteer, and songwriter, but a most indifferent dramatist; yet it seems that Bacon did not write the satires, pamphlets, and songs, but only the worthless plays. The droll thing about Greene is that he was horribly jealous of Shakspeare, and called him an "upstart crow." Why didn't he bully Bacon for writing so well as Shakspeare and so ill as Greene? Mr. Donnelly, I fear, has neglected to read Greene. I urge him to undertake the task at once, for the cypher must be lurking somewhere in that author to explain how Bacon kept his team of jealous puppets so well in hand that they never betrayed themselves or one another.

THE WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The termination of the war has been brought perceptibly nearer during the past week. It would certainly be premature to say that "all is over but the shouting"; nevertheless, it is now difficult to suggest any conceivable obstacle such as would be likely to protract the operations beyond the end of next month. The unexpected happens often enough, but in this case the course of events is beginning to be governed by factors on which it is quite permissible to base mathematical calculations. One or two fresh signs, moreover, have appeared to justify the conclusion that before the summer is over the Second Boer War will be, to all intents and purposes, as completely "over and done with" as was the campaign against the Dervishes after the battle of Omdurman. As in the latter case, there may be some superadded fighting, and the *fons et origo mali* may temporarily elude capture, but there will be no more war in the proper sense of the word. No better indication of this could be imagined than the fact notified from Cape Town on June 25 that the foreign military attachés were returning to that port with the intention of proceeding homewards. These officers have shown themselves throughout so keenly appreciative of the professional aspects of the war that it is quite unlikely they would leave South Africa if any further developments of interest from the general standpoint of the European military student were remotely possible.

Lord Roberts continues to date his despatches from the Pretoria Residency, where his work must be of the most varied and onerous description. Ostensibly his chief efforts are being directed towards crushing the Boers in the east of the Orange River Colony, but it is more than possible that he is simultaneously engaged in an endeavour to surprise and cut off Mr. Kruger, with whose capture, notwithstanding his waning influence, a serious obstacle to the general subjugation of Boerdom would be overcome. Kruger himself, having run his railway "capital" as near to Komati Poort as he conveniently can without advertising as a certainty his intention to bolt into Portuguese territory, continues to issue mendacious proclamations. That the latter, preposterous as they are, have a certain effect is shown by the fact that there are hostile Boers still hovering around Pretoria. Only on Sunday last a party of Mounted Infantry under Captain Anley had a skirmish with their patrols a few miles to the south-east of the town, and it is pretty certain that behind these patrols a considerable force continues to be concentrated between the headquarters of Lord Roberts and those of Mr. Kruger. To circumvent this screen and cut the Delagoa Railway between Alkmaar and Komati Poort might be a difficult, but it would certainly be a brilliant and far-reaching operation.

While Lord Roberts's plans as regards Mr. Kruger can only be guessed at, his operations against the enemy in the east of the Orange River Colony have been elucidated by a despatch which he sent off from Pretoria on Monday last. It had been clear for some time past that his initial purpose was to plant a hedge of troops between the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony with a view to rendering impossible future combinations on anything like a formidable scale. Further, as the Boers in the east of the Orange River Colony, more particularly those under De Wet, who from his base at Frankfort had already done considerable damage, were a perpetual source of danger to the communications, it became desirable first to hamper their mobility, and then, if possible, to close in upon them, much as the moving iron walls closed in upon Edgar Allan Poe's prisoner. Until last Monday, we were ignorant of the precise manner in which this last operation was to be carried out. It then transpired that columns are to converge from Lindley, Heilbron, Heidelberg, and Winburg, presumably first on Frankfort, with a view to crushing De Wet's commando, some 2000 strong, and subsequently proceeding, either in combination or from fresh scattered points, in the direction of Bethlehem, where there appear to be some 5000 or 6000 under the direct influence of ex-President Steyn.

At the time of writing, Lord Roberts had gone far towards giving practical effect to this fine combination of strategical ideas. Ian Hamilton, having gone to meet and join hands with Buller, had arrived at Heidelberg, brushed away the enemy, and received the surrender of many burghers. Buller, on his part, having steadily advanced from Volksrust through Paardekop, had occupied Standerton with similar results as regards surrenders, and with the additional satisfaction of capturing a considerable quantity of rolling-stock. By the time these lines are in print a junction between Buller and Hamilton will doubtless have been effected, and possibly an advance on Frankfort commenced. No time is likely to be lost, since De Wet has shown himself to be both skilful and active, and, as lately as Saturday last, his commando cut off a Canadian outpost on the railway between Kroonstad and Honings Spruit, attacked an entrenched camp at the latter station, intercepted a train going south with troops, and cut the line to the north and south of our position. Reinforcements arrived from Kroonstad, and the Boers were repulsed, but not until we had lost over a score killed and wounded.

On the south General Rundle continues to hold a long and strong line, stretching in a north-westerly direction from Ficksburg, with a view to stopping any Boer irruption into the southern districts. The Boers have made persistent endeavours to break through this line, but hitherto with small success. One party appears to have got through to Winburg, but on Sunday last was driven back with loss by Clements to the north of the Zand River. Another attack was made on Saturday on Rundle's transport at Senekal, but was repulsed by the rearguard, composed of Scots Guards and Hampshire Yeomanry, and the repulse was subsequently converted into a rout by the artillery and Colonials accompanying the convoy.

Hunter by this time is at Johannesburg, so that both in the Transvaal and in the Orange River Colony Lord Roberts's absolute predominance is assured. The interest now is chiefly centred in the question whether, even with the large forces at his disposal, he will succeed in drawing tight his cordon round De Wet and Steyn without allowing either or both to escape.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

It took a week to realise the hopes aroused by the rumours afloat, when our pages went to press last week, of Admiral Seymour's arrival in Peking. That week of waiting was a week of anxiety, every day bringing its reports of isolation, of massacre, at best of imprisonment. Of a certainty little is known even now; but that little is satisfactory, as far as it goes. The relief of Tientsin has been accomplished, and without great loss of life; the allied force has gone northwards to relieve Admiral Seymour, by whom, however, the Legations at Peking had meanwhile been relieved. The allied force is worth a note as to its composition. Of the 8000 men who took part in the relief of the European residents in Tientsin there were 2000 British, over 1000 Germans, and so great a majority of Japanese as to make it natural that the leadership should be assigned to a Japanese General. France and America are making haste to send further forces; and Russia, it is comfortable to remark, has conferred special honours on officers and men whose bravery in suppressing the anti-foreign rising has been attested at the taking of the Taku Forts and elsewhere.

"And so he passed with his folk, and won the Land of Cathay, that is the greatest kingdom of the world." The words of Sir John Maundeville's Travels may be in Admiral Seymour's mind to-day. Flat and featureless are the plains that lead to Peking, and the sturdy Chinese pony will carry the traveller an easy seven miles an hour,

traveller may pass in two days, either by an agreeable ride of eighty miles or by a boat-house on the river. An alluvial soil and a prosperous agriculture encounter him until he reaches the famous walls of Peking—some fifty feet high and nearly fifty feet wide—covering a rectangular circumference of over twenty miles. The gates

whom only a bare score of foreigners, according to Lord Curzon's estimate, have so much as seen.

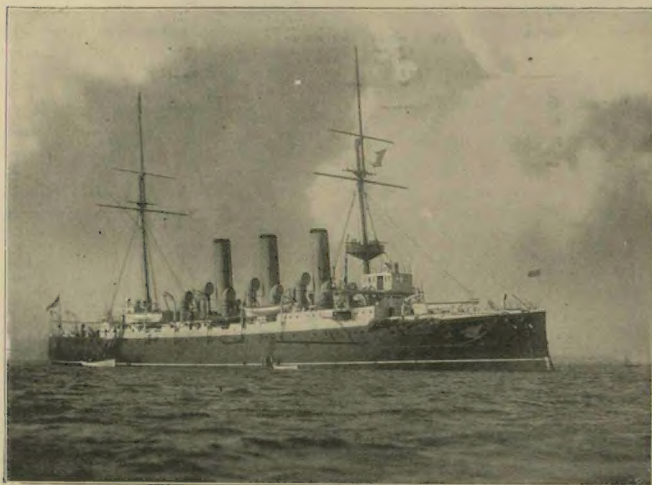
The Foreign Legations in Peking, the occupants of which have been in imminent touch with danger during the past fortnight, are not situated, as some suppose, in the Chinese quarter of the city, but in the Tartar, surrounded by a wall that is almost the most substantial one that exists. The most important Legation is the British, an enclosure of three acres, and once the palace of an imperial Prince, now agreeably adapted to the needs of European life. The members of the staff have their own bungalows; and besides its fire-engine house, its armoury, and its dispensary, it has, as one might have guessed, its bowling-alley, its lawn-tennis and fives court. The French Legation has been doubly endangered from the very beginning of this Boxer rising, which the Government could not or would not suppress; for the French missionary is everywhere in evidence; and it is against the missionary and his converts that popular fury is directed. Very energetic, therefore, have been the official messages sent to China from Paris; and the threats those messages have contained or implied are well supported by the presence of a famous French flag-ship in Chinese waters. Tientsin, with its picturesque but defenceless roofs, will hardly, one supposes, care to endure the fall of even those non-exploding bombs that were made toys of in Kimberley.

The Cathedral, with its reminiscences of Milan, a Gothic that is lightened and fretted to the native taste, has been burned down, despite the fact that, by royal favour, it was permitted to be built within the limits of the Imperial City itself. It is flanked



THE OLD BAILEY OF THE FUTURE: DESIGN CHOSEN FOR THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

of these mighty defences are still opened and closed with the sun, unless an enemy lies in wait; the chief gate is seen in one of our Illustrations to be open that Chinese soldiers may enter in. Within these guardian walls lies

ORDERED TO CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. "FURIOUS," TWIN SCREW CRUISER.
2ND CLASS, 5751 TONS.ORDERED TO CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. "DIADEM," TWIN SCREW CRUISER.
1ST CLASS, 11,000 TONS.

or a day's march of forty miles. On that journey he sees about him, as Lord Curzon a few years ago saw, "a frugal, hard-limbed, indomitable, ungracious race, who oppose to all overtures from the outside the sullen resistance of a national character, self-confident and stolid, a religious and moral code of incredible and all-absorbing rigour, and a governing system that has not varied for ages and is still wrapped in the mantle of a superb and paralysing conceit." The visitor who lies tossing, as he commonly does before he can land, for two or three days on the mud-bar outside the Taku Forts, at the mouth of the Pei-ho, will realise the difficulties of British gun-boats similarly rolling, but subject at the same time to the pounding of the enemy's guns. In our view of the interior of the forts, a curious feature is the series of defensive stockades of bamboos split and sharpened at both ends. These closely resemble growing reeds. The serpentine river to Tientsin has its further delays, to be avoided by the railway-train, that runs three times daily to the city. That city, by the way, has its hall-mark in the shape of the ruined towers and façade of the French Catholic Cathedral, a relic of the persecution of 1870. Otherwise Tientsin may claim current renown chiefly as the place of residence of Li-Hung-Chang, a statesman to whom London has roared its welcome, and to whom is now deputed the task of crying peace to the Powers when peace there is none.

From Tientsin to Peking the peaceable

the fourfold city—Chinese, Tartar, Imperial, and Forbidden—the place of residence of a monarch, whose palace our Illustration presents, and who is still the Son of Heaven to 350 millions of human beings, a Veiled Prophet

by two imperial pavilions—further marks of royal favour shown in 1888, but extinct in the heart of the Dowager-Empress, a patriot whose patriotism spells massacre and pillage for the rest of mankind. Under her auspices, the edict being read by a provincial Governor, depicted on another page, will certainly be of the half-hearted order if it is in condemnation of anti-foreign excesses; and the "don't-nail-his-ears-to-the-pump" air of the reader will suffice to interpret aright the calculated non-committal of the text.

ORDERED TO CHINESE WATERS: H.M.S. "GOLIATH," TWIN SCREW BATTLE-SHIP.
1ST CLASS, ARMOURD, 12,950 TONS.

THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The plans of the new Central Criminal Court will, of course, give occasion for a renewal of the battle of the styles. No other battle, it may be said, is renewed so easily or so bitterly with the smallest possible provocation. The life of a man who has to design a law court is a less happy one than that of the policeman himself who is to figure so prominently in it when it is a court that carries on the tradition of the Old Bailey. Not only has he to face the music of amateur criticism; he has also to achieve a work most difficult in itself. The conditions are exacting. That the design we publish to-day will fulfil the conditions properly demanded of it is the claim confidently put forward by those who have selected it; and of its outward effect the reader may preconceive an opinion before it is translated into stone.

OUR SOUTH AFRICAN WAR PICTURES.

From Mr. Melton Prior come this week three sketches. One, representing the rifle-pits at Rhenoster Drift, shows how cunningly the Boers can use the spade. Another, taken about the same point, proves that their destructive ingenuity is as great as their constructive, and there is something peculiarly forlorn in the wreck of the railway-line, where the ends of every length of metal have been bent and mangled. Mr. Prior's third drawing, that of a friendly market in the field, speaks for itself. Klerksdorp, now in British hands, is 123 miles south-west of Pretoria, and is the centre of a small goldfield. It is the oldest Transvaal town. Bronkhurst's Spruit is a place of stirring memories, on which Mr. Kruger may reflect with more chastened triumph as he draws nearer to Komati Poort, the point at which the Delagoa Bay Railway passes into Portuguese territory, where he may quit the Transvaal for ever.

THREE PICTURES OF PRICE.

The sale-rooms have been particularly busy this season, and prices have been in no way depressed by the war. Last Saturday Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods disposed of a number of pictures, including fifty-seven canvases that belonged to the late Lord Dudley, of which a Gainsborough was the only one of first-rate importance. From several other collections, including those of the late Mrs. Paley, the late Mr. S. J. Harrison, the late Mr. Charles Dawes, and the late Mrs. Berger, came pictures of varying value and interest. Romney's full-length portrait of Miss Charlotte Peirse—afterwards Mrs. Thomas, of Rutton, Sussex—represents her in girlhood, with the white muslin dress, the blue sash, the large hat, and other delightful accessories proper to the master. The bidding, which started at 1000 guineas, did not pause till it reached 7000, at which record price for a single figure by Romney it was knocked down to Mr. Colnaghi, the outbidder of Messrs. Agnew. Another canvas fetching an exceptionally high figure was a Hobbema landscape, with cattle and figures



LANDSCAPE BY HOBBEEMA, WITH FIGURES BY VAN DE VELDE.
SOLD FOR 6200 GUINEAS.

of the fourth Earl of Dunmore, who married, in 1793, the Duke of Sussex. Seated in the usual landscape of convention, she wears a white dress, with red robe and white head-dress, and holds in her lap her infant son, Sir Augustus Frederick d'Este. The executors of Lord Truro realised by the sale of this canvas only 500 guineas, against, it may be remembered, the 3800 guineas fetched by the Romney portrait of the same lady eight years ago, at Christie's, by the executors of the Earl of Dunmore.

PARLIAMENT.

The Commonwealth Bill has passed through the House of Commons with an amendment that empowers the Federal High Court to grant leave of appeal to the Privy Council

when high constitutional authorities disagree, it may be hoped that the balance of reason will be preserved by the good sense of the communities concerned.

Mr. Balfour has declined to give facilities for the further discussion of the Sale of Intoxicants to Children Bill, which was read a second time by a large majority before Easter. This measure proposes penalties for any publican who sells intoxicating liquor to children under the age of sixteen. Mr. Balfour argued that the Government was under no obligation to further the discussion of the Bill, and he took the opportunity of showing his own dislike of such legislation. The Bill was based on the unanimous recommendation of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the licensing laws.

A singularly academic debate on Oliver Cromwell was initiated in the House of Lords by the Earl of Hardwicke, who complained that the First Commissioner of Works had sanctioned the policy of his predecessor by erecting a statue of Cromwell in the precincts of the Parliament Houses. Lord Salisbury maintained that there must be a continuity of policy among the First Commissioners of Works. He did not think the statue would do much harm, as it stood "in a hole." Foreigners would say this was the punishment imposed by "a just and monarchical Government on a regicide and a rebel." Lord Kimberley remarked that so far from being "in a hole," the statue occupied one of the most conspicuous sites in London. He could not understand why it had excited so much hostility, seeing that a bust of Cromwell had been set up almost at the very door of the House of Commons, and nobody seemed to mind. There were facetious allusions in the debate to the "anonymous donor" of the statue, who is well known to be Lord Rosebery.

Statements have been made in both Houses as to the course of events in China, but the most important statement is that of Mr. Brodrick that "Her Majesty's Government will welcome the dispatch of troops by any Power which, owing to the proximity of its troops, may be able to act at once in repressing the disturbances in Northern



ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF LADY AUGUSTA MURRAY, DUCHESS OF SUSSEX.

SOLD FOR 500 GUINEAS.



ROMNEY'S PORTRAIT OF MISS CHARLOTTE PEIRSE.

SOLD FOR 7000 GUINEAS.

by Adrian Van de Velde, and this Messrs. Agnew secured for 6200 guineas. Another Romney, according to the catalogue, presented few, or none, of the attractions of the canvas of his already mentioned. The sitter in this case was Lady Augusta Murray, a daughter

in cases which come before the supreme legal tribunal of Australia. It is the opinion of the Attorney-General that in the "immense majority of cases" the right of appeal to the Privy Council will be maintained. Mr. Haldane, a high constitutional authority, is not of that opinion, and

China." On Tuesday evening, Mr. Ritchie, in moving the second reading of the Companies Bill, said that, although there was a *prima facie* case for amending the law, there ought to be no unnecessary interference with companies in the management of their business.

PERSONAL.

By the death of Count Mouravieff the Russian Empire loses a great diplomatist. A French wit once observed that the ideal



Photo. Hansen, Copenhagen.
THE LATE COUNT MOURAVIEFF,
Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

he first attracted the favourable attention of the present Emperor of Russia. Still, his appointment as Prince Lobanoff's successor came as an acute surprise to the Chancelleries of Europe. During the last three years he amply justified the Emperor's choice. Count Mouravieff soon showed himself more than worthy of the great traditions of Russian diplomacy, and though not a Nesselrode or a Gortschakoff, he was felt to be in St. Petersburg very superior to his predecessor, Prince Lobanoff, who, it will be remembered, died quite suddenly when actually travelling across Europe with the Emperor and Empress. Count Mouravieff the man, as apart from Count Mouravieff the Minister, possessed a singularly pleasing personality.

Sir Felix Semon, whose name the sudden indisposition of the Khedive has made familiar, was born in Dantzic in

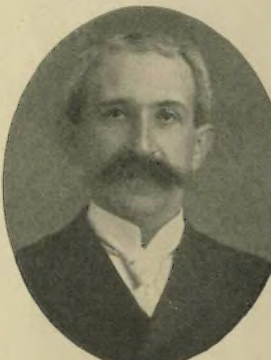


Photo. Durney.
SIR FELIX SEMON,
Who is Attending the Khedive.

1849. His medical studies in Germany were interrupted by the Franco-German War, wherein, as a Volunteer in the 2nd Uhlans of the Prussian Guards, he took part in the battles of Amiens, Bapaume, St. Quentin, and the sieges of Metz and Paris. Peace gave him opportunities for study in Vienna and Paris; and coming to London, he became attached first to the Throat Hospital, in Golden Square, and then to St. Thomas's

Hospital, where he acted as Physician for Diseases of the Throat from 1882 onwards for fifteen years. He was one of the founders, and for three years the President, of the Laryngological Society of London; he is Physician for Diseases of the Throat in the National Hospital, in Queen Square; and he has written many papers upon the subject in which he takes first rank as a specialist. He is a Knight of the Order of the Prussian Eagle.

Lord Halifax has hung down the gauntlet in defiance of the Archbishops. The English Church Union has decided that "Catholic tradition" must be maintained against the "Lambeth opinion," even at the cost of Disestablishment. This is not a promising outlook for the expected Round Table Conference on ritual.

The French Government are suffering acute anxiety concerning the fate of their Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to China, M. S. Pichon. M. Pichon, who, notwithstanding international jealousies, is on excellent terms with Sir Claude MacDonald, arrived at Peking just a year later than the latter—that is, in 1897, and to him have fallen many difficult and delicate tasks. Like his predecessor, M. Gerard, he has made a point of employing only Frenchmen at the Legation, and there, in one of the more agreeable parts of that portion of Peking known as the "Foreign City," the cosmopolitan traveller seems to find himself suddenly transported into a corner of Paris. M. Pichon's task has been rendered specially difficult of late owing to the fact that he is naturally regarded by the French missionaries as their one rightful

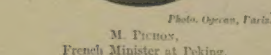


Photo. Ogden, Paris.
M. PICHON,
French Minister at Peking.

protector and friend. France has always posed in the Far East as the essentially Christian Power, and accordingly, much as it would probably astonish many of M. Pichon's fellow-countrymen to learn it, the Envoy of the great French Republic is peculiarly hated by the Boxers, who see in him the quintessence of Roman Catholicism. Should he escape from the terrible pass in which he, together with the whole Corps Diplomatique in Peking, find themselves, he will probably play a leading rôle in the final settlement, for in that matter France and Russia will, of course, walk hand-in-hand. M. Pichon is an agreeable-looking middle-aged man, reputed to have the best cook in Peking. He is an enthusiastic collector of Chinese curios and embroideries, some interesting and valuable specimens of which embellished the Elysée under the reign of M. Felix Faure.

It is not easy to get any definite information about anything Chinese. Experts differ even about the origin of the "Boxer." Some say he owes his ancestry to certain politicians who combined gymnastics with politics far back in the eighteenth century. Others hold that the expression "Righteous Harmony Fist" is due to a confusion in the Chinese language between the inflection that means "harmony" and the inflection that means "fist."

Brigadier-General Edward Yewd Brabant, C.M.G., though associated in the public mind with the Colonial



GENERAL BRABANT.

troops at the Cape, was born in England, and belongs to an old Cheshire family. At the age of sixteen he entered the Derby Militia as Ensign, and a year later joined the Cape Mounted Riflemen, from whom he retired as Captain in 1870. Three years later he entered the Cape Parliament as member for East London. But the times were too troublous to spare him wholly for politics. In 1878 he was appointed Field Commandant of

Colonial Forces, and Colonel of Cape Yeomanry in 1879. More recently his name has been familiar as a member of the Defence Commission, as a President of the South African League, and as leader of the new Britishers' Organisation in South Africa.

Pleasant stories come from Pretoria about the fraternisation of Boer commandants who have surrendered with the British officers. The Boers dine at the regimental messes, and fight their battles over again. Their favourite Paladin is General Baden-Powell, for whom they have the greatest admiration and respect. The Imperial Government would probably be well advised to appoint General Baden-Powell military administrator of the Transvaal when peace is restored.

Lieutenant W. B. L. Alt, of the City Imperial Volunteers, was only twenty-two years of age when he fell, while under the command of General Ian Hamilton, during the attack on Diamond Hill on June 12. The son of Colonel Alt, V.D., commanding the 22nd Middlesex Volunteers (Central London Rangers), he held a Captaincy in the same corps, and the temporary rank of Lieutenant in the Army. He was one of the youngest of the officers of the City Imperial Volunteers, and he has the enviable distinction of being the first officer in their ranks to fall in the service of his country. "It was grand," telegraphed Lord Roberts concerning the engagement in which the gallant young officer was killed, "seeing the way in which our men advanced over difficult ground and under heavy fire."

Admiral Maxse, who has died at the age of sixty-seven, served in the Crimea, and was twice an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament. He was a vigorous controversialist in several fields. His daughter Violet married Lord Edward Cecil, who distinguished himself in the siege of Mafeking. Admiral Maxse was a great friend of Mr. George Meredith's, and was always considered to be the original of Nevil Beauchamp in "Beauchamp's Career."

Mrs. Lawson Johnston, who presided over the stall of the War Employment Bureau at the Naval and Military Bazaar, had the honour of selling a large parcel of garments to H.R.H. Princess Christian on behalf of her Majesty, or, as the Princess put it in her kindly manner, "for my mother." The War Employment Bureau, the offices of which are 171, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., has been working since the beginning of the war finding day-work and needlework for reservists' wives, and as all its expenses are defrayed by a member of the Council, without outside subscription, the public should give it every

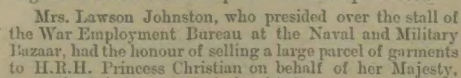


Photo. Le Mesurier and Marshall.
LIEUTENANT W. B. L. ALT,
First C.I.V. Officer Killed in Action.

encouragement by sending orders for garments for charity purposes and any variety of plain needlework.

Brigadier-General Sir Alfred Gaselee, who now proceeds to China at the head of a body of troops, has been in command of the Second-Class District, India, since 1898. Thirty-seven years ago he began his military career, and first saw service on the North-Western Frontier. He fought in Abyssinia in 1868; was in the Beyot Expedition of 1869, and the Jowaki-Afridi Expedition of 1877; and took part in the Afghan War of a year or two later. The Zhob Valley Expedition, the Hazara Expedition, and the Isayai Expedition kept him employed pretty constantly until his service with the Waziristan Field Force in 1894. By that time he was a Colonel, and he became a temporary Brigadier-General in 1898—the year of his Knight Commandership of the Bath. Sir Alfred, who is an Aide-de-camp to the Queen, has therefore had a long and varied experience to fall back upon in the discharge of the new and onerous duties that he has now taken in hand.

Dr. Jameson has been elected as member for Kimberley in the Cape Parliament. He told his constituents that the Raid was quite justifiable, and that it had not hampered the Imperial Government. The Imperial Government is of a different opinion.

Captain Clive Skene Keith, who was killed at Lindley, in the Orange River Colony, fighting with the 13th Bat-

talion Imperial Yeomanry, was a member of the Reserve of Officers with a gratuity from the 3rd Dragoon Guards. His Lieutenancy dates from 1884; his Captaincy from 1892. Captain Keith's popularity with his men was altogether exceptional; and at a dinner given in London a few days before the Duke of Cambridge's Own left for South Africa, and presided over by the Duke himself, an impromptu toast had to be added to the list in obedience to reiterated calls for "Keith, Keith!" This gallant officer married in 1888 the only daughter of the late Colonel Ben Williams, C.B., Director-General of Remount Operations for India, and Esquerry to the Prince of Wales during his visit to India. He leaves, besides his widow, one son.

Fortune has had a curious sport with Colonel Bullock. He was taken prisoner at Colenso, and released when Lord Roberts arrived at Pretoria. At Honings Spruit he commanded a small force that was suddenly attacked by the Boer raiders under De Wet. Twice summoned to surrender, Colonel Bullock held his ground until reinforcements came from Kroonstad. At Colenso he refused to surrender, and was knocked senseless with a rifle butt.

Mr. Francis Walter Galpin, who also fell at Lindley on June 1, was the son of Mr. T. Dixon Galpin, well known in the publishing world. He was educated at Charterhouse and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he rowed three times in the trials and was captain of the college boat. He travelled nearly all over the world, and tried to settle on a ranch in British Columbia before he settled down to business in the City as a director of "H. Williamson, Limited." He was a good musician, and had other qualities that made him a particular favourite in social life, and particularly valued as a friend. Of military ambition he had none; but at the call of duty he renounced a life of comfort for the hard lot of a common soldier. He joined the Imperial Yeomanry (the Duke of Cambridge's Own) as a trooper, but was twice promoted before the disaster at Lindley cost him his life.



Photo. Leeson.
GENERAL SIR A. GASELEE,
Commanding the Indian Force for China.



Photo. Gill, Colchester.
CAPTAIN C. S. KEITH,
3rd Dragoon Guards, Killed, Lindley.



Photo. F. Holtzer.
CORPORAL F. W. GALPIN,
13th Batt. Imperial Yeomanry, Killed, Lindley.

INDIAN TROOPS IN CHINA.

From Hong-Kong, the "Gibraltar of the East," a force has been moved towards Tientsin consisting of 300 Welsh Fusiliers and 900 troops of the Indian regiment stationed at Hong-Kong. On this page we give illustrations of the regiment, showing the rank-and-file in their red uniforms, in their khaki uniforms, and a group of the guard of the first colours of the regiment, which were presented in 1895 by Sir William Robinson. The regiment is under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Retallick, of the 45th Sikh Infantry. He is forty-three years of age, and saw service in the Afghan War of 1880, for his conduct in which he was decorated and mentioned in despatches.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The virtues of the Haymarket revival of "The School for Scandal" are the magnificence of its stage-setting and the perfection of Miss Winifred Emery's Lady Teazle. It is safe to say that never

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. M. A. RETALLICK
(Commanding the Hong-Kong Regiment).



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT
ORDERED ON ACTIVE SERVICE (NATIVE RANKS IN
KHAKI).

Warner's Badger. Mr. Warner always appears to peculiar advantage, always plays with a very engaging gusto, in a genial, rollicking, low comedy part. And although we should not like to say how many Badgers we have seen, we are ready to admit that his is by far the best.

OTHER REVIVALS.

The past week has borne out the reputation of the season as a time of revivals. On Wednesday last the most brilliant of all Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's social comedies, "The Liars," was reproduced at Wyndham's, and its more important representatives, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Herbert Standing, and Mr. T. B. Thalberg, resumed their original rôles, while any changes in minor interpretation affected in no way the general excellence of the rendering. A day later Mrs. Patrick Campbell re-staged Maeterlinck's tragic romance, "Pelleas and Melisande," at the Royalty, and if Mr. Martin Harvey's beautifully mannered voice has become a little too virile for the boyish notes of Pelleas, and Mrs. Campbell's childishness as Melisande has always been more artificial than natural, still their joint reading of the fantastic love scenes is very poetic and imaginative; and Mr. Frank



FIRST COLOURS OF THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT,
PRESENTED IN 1895 BY SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON.

can Sheridan's rather too familiar masterpiece have been so splendidly or solidly mounted, so beautifully and lavishly dressed. As for Miss Emery, an actress all compact of delightful artifice, she was born to interpret old comedy heroines, and her Lady Teazle remains still unrivalled. Unfortunately, her commanding merits are balanced by defects in the rest of the Haymarket interpretation, defects showing mainly in the lack of any freshness of treatment and in deliberate over-sentimentalising of the dramatist's fable. So we have now a Charles Surface in the person of the ever-smiling and resonant Mr. Paul Arthur, who, after reproducing all the customary chuckles and catchwords, stands abashed and contrite before Lady Teazle in the screen scene. So we have an otherwise admirable, if rather dried-up and bloodless, Sir Peter, Mr. Cyril Maude, lending to this same comic catastrophe an air of tragic seriousness. But Mr. Sydney Valentine's Joseph Surface is the worst offender, for whereas this plausible hypocrite should set the whole tone of the play in cynical light-heartedness, Mr. Valentine makes Joseph solemn, sombre, and tediously heavy. Really it is Mr. Dagnall, very restrained in the part of Moses, and Miss Constance Collier, a somewhat stagey but stately Lady Sneerwell, who make the chief successes in the minor characterisation.

TWO REVIVALS AT THE PRINCESS'S.

Their comedies may perish or grow obsolete, but their melodramas and melodramatic adaptations are always likely to secure for Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault a favourable hearing on the stage. And so Mr. Charles Warner was probably wise in starting his own season at the Princess's with revivals of such typical works of the two playwrights as the former's stage version of Tennyson's narrative poem, "Dora," and the latter's four-act drama, "The Streets of London." Save, perhaps, in correction of the play-bill's misspelling of Reade's name, there is little to be said of such a programme at this time of day. Of "Dora," the language and sentiment inevitably sound a little archaic, the compression of incident tends to accentuate the melodrama. And neither the dressing of the piece, nor a knowledge of the original date of its production, lends



TYPES OF THE HONG-KONG REGIMENT (NATIVE RANKS IN RED).

support to the quaint legend, "Time: 1870." Still, the playing, not the play, is the thing. And Mr. Warner, it must be allowed, plays the self-willed and cantankerous old farmer Allen with a sincerity and a vigour that challenge admiration; while Miss Grace Warner looks pretty and plays very prettily as the scorned, long-suffering, and—in this version of the piece—finally rewarded Dora. Of the present production of "The Streets of London" it suffices to say that it affords us Mr. Charles

Mills's conception of the inevitably melodramatic rôle of Golaud is far less violent, and therefore acceptable, than that of Mr. Forbes Robertson. It should be added that last Saturday Mr. Martin Harvey returned, at the Prince of Wales's, to that sham romance, "The Only Way," which has done so much to mature and artificialise his intonation; and that the same evening witnessed, at the Strand, the revival of "The Brixton Burglary," wherein Mr. James Welch repeated his old success.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: SCENES IN PEKING.



Photo. G. Vapereau.

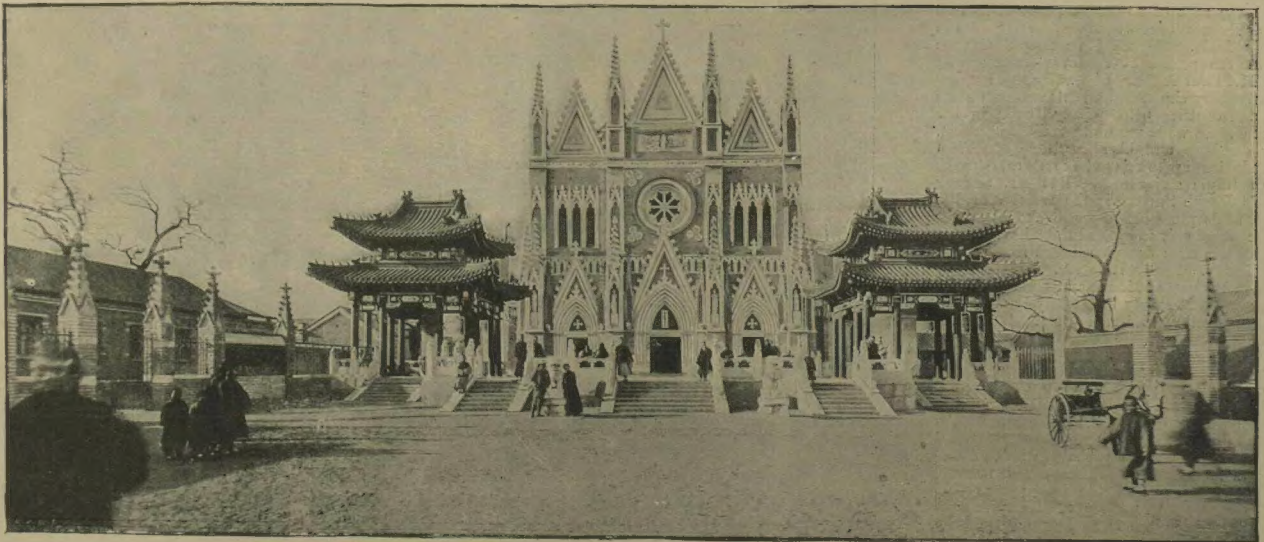
RESIDENCE OF THE MISSIONARIES, ADJOINING THE CATHEDRAL AT PEKING.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL, PEKING.



ENTRANCE TO THE FRENCH LEGATION, PEKING.



FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL, PEKING, BURNED DOWN BY THE "BOXERS."

The building is flanked by two Imperial Pavilions.

THE MARCH TO PRETORIA.

Sketches (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



A PATROL EXAMINING BOER RIFLE-PITS AT RHENOSTER DRIFT.



VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS RHENOSTER DRIFT, SHOWING THE BOER METHOD OF DESTROYING RAILWAY LINES.



A FRIENDLY MARKET IN THE FIELD: BRITISH OFFICERS BUYING BUTTER AND FORAGE ON THE ROAD FROM A LOYAL BOER FARMER.

Facsimile of Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Malton Prior.

Roberts's Advance through the Transvaal.



KLERKSDORP: THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT OFFICES, OVER WHICH THE BRITISH FLAG NOW FLIES.

Photograph by Edwards.

THE SCENE OF AN OLD DISASTER: BRONKHURST SPRUIT.
IN DEC. 1880 A PARTY OF THE 84TH REGIMENT WAS SHOT DOWN BY BOERS FROM BEHIND THE TREES.

Photograph by Edwards.

THE KOMATI RIVER, CLOSE TO KOMATI POORT STATION.

Photograph by Edwards.

KLERKSDORP: THE OLD AND NEW TOWN FROM THE WEST.

Photograph by Brown.

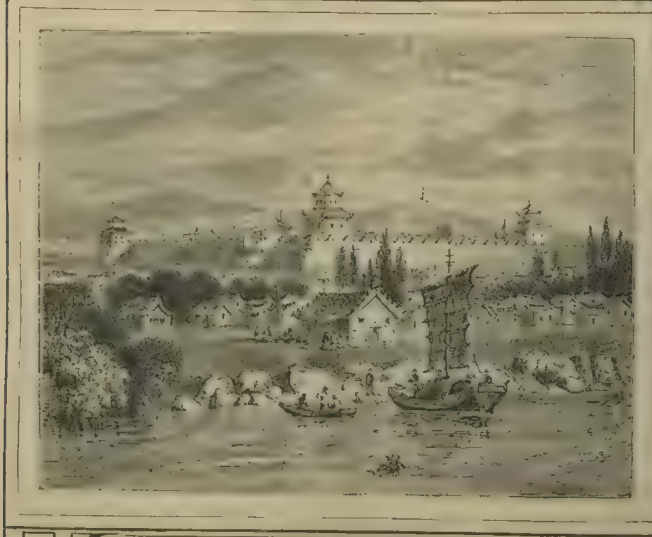
The Crisis in China.



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.



POSSIBLE RECRUITS FOR THE BOXERS: A GROUP OF CHINESE SOLDIERS.

PRIMITIVE CHINESE ARMS: A GROUP OF ARCHERS.

A TYPICAL CHINESE VILLAGE FORT.
Photographs by Edouard, Littlehampton.

TIENSIN.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKING.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A.



THE THEATRE AT TIENSIN.



THE SCENE OF THE EMPEROR'S CAPTIVITY: MOAT OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING.

In the Palace on the left bank the ex-Emperor is practically a prisoner.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP AT TAKU: THE "DENTRECASTEAUX."



THE BOMBARDMENT OF TIENTSIN: A STREET IN THE CITY.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



OFFICIAL CHINA: READING AN IMPERIAL EDICT AT THE YAMEN OF A PROVINCIAL TAO-TAI, OR GOVERNOR.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



HALF A CENTURY AGO IN CHINA: THE EMPEROR TEAOU-KWANG (DIED 1850) REVIEWING HIS GUARDS.



THE WESTERN GATE, PEKING.



THE GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKING.



INTERIOR OF THE TAKU FORTS, CAPTURED BY THE POWERS ON JUNE 17.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Between 1881-88 I had several interviews, both in Paris and London, with the late Ismail Pasha. He, in fact, was the only Viceroy of Egypt whom I have personally known. I had, however, the honour of a long and cordial acquaintance with Ferdinand de Lesseps, and in the course of our very informal chats he often told me little incidents and stories of Ismail's predecessors, which will probably be lost to history unless there be extant additional memoirs—the existence of which I doubt—of that charming *causéur* and truly wonderful man. My casual mention of those anecdotes here and there will not save them from oblivion, but they have been useful to me in enabling me to note the gradual transformation of Ismail's two successors from purely Oriental potentates into semi-European rulers. In spite of his veneer of Western civilisation, the first Khedive—for Ismail was that in name—was as Oriental as the founder of his house, Mehmet Ali, and perhaps more than his uncle, Said Pasha, whom he succeeded. Neither "the Lion of the Levant" nor his fourth son had the experience of Europeans and of European affairs possessed by the grandfather of the princely visitor to our shores. Nevertheless, they did not commit Ismail's mistake of holding all Europeans too cheaply, and of thinking that all, without exception, could be bribed.

Ismail unquestionably held that opinion. Somewhere about 1881 he was seriously thinking about recovering his throne. I believe, though I am not absolutely sure, that the idea was suggested to him by Jules Ferry; at any rate, he made preparations to go to London and try his luck. He was then staying at the Grand Hotel, and, as a matter of course, received many visits from journalists, both English and French. One evening my turn to see him came immediately after that of the representative of an influential French paper. The moment I entered the room I noticed that Ismail was not in his usual mood, or, at any rate, that his mood had got the better of his usual imperturbability. He was, to speak plainly, surly. Having finished his communication to me, which I promised to summarise and to transmit to my editor, he asked me point-blank what would be the cost of the insertion. I knew perfectly well that the repetition of his question to my chief would involve my instant dismissal, probably without notice and without compensation in lieu of notice; and I frankly told him. "You are a strange lot, you English journalists and your chiefs," he said. "Do you know what happened just before you came in? M. — of the — called." Ismail did not know that I had seen the previous visitor. And he mentioned both names. "Well, your Highness?" I replied. "Well," he almost shrieked, "he submitted a quasi-biography to me; asking me to look over it and see there was no mistake. When I read it and told him it was all right, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket. 'This is the account,' he said. It was a bill for 3000 fr. He did not get the money. I showed him the door."

I am not a journalistic angel, but I am not a fool, and whenever an Egyptian matter cropped up I did not rush at it, but sought the advice of M. de Lesseps. The next morning I went to him and informed him of what had occurred. "I am not in the least surprised," he said, laughing. "There is not a single French journalist who will render a man a service for nothing, if there be a possibility of getting money for it, and there are only two papers in the whole of Paris which would visit the taking of a bribe on the part of one of their staff with instant dismissal, even if they, the papers, were absolutely innocent in the matter. Of course, among the higher grade of journalists the bribe takes the shape of a present; but it comes to the same thing, for the present is converted into money."

And then M. de Lesseps told me a tale connected with Said Pasha's visit to Paris. Said was anxious to make each of twelve distinguished personages a present of a snuff-box set with diamonds. On his arrival in the capital he took with him; they were all to be of the same pattern, with his initials in precious stones. It was an expensive affair, and the jewellers—a historical firm—informed his Highness that it would take some time to execute his commands. With the utmost dispatch and good-will, they could only deliver three at the time. Then the senior partner, who knew his townsman, bethought himself of something better. "There will be no need to make more than three," he said. "They are sure to go to editors or big journalists, and we can buy them back again." So said, so done. They only made three snuff-boxes, but Said distributed eleven in all. One recipient refused to part with his.

This could not have given Said an exalted idea of European delicacy; and Ismail's subsequent intercourse with the scribes and officials of the Second Empire was not calculated to change his inherited convictions, for until the fall of the Empire, France stood foremost in Ismail's calculations. Fortunately for Tewfik, he was not his father's favourite. His brothers received a European education; he alone was kept in Egypt. When the necessities of the situation brought him in contact both with the English and the French, he was equally reserved with and suspicious of both. He, however, soon learned to distinguish between "Codlin and Short"; and long before his death he had made up his mind as to the relative value of each nation with regard to the prosperity of his dynasty and that of the nation over which he ruled. Mehmet Ali's sons—I do not know how many there were, for he had between sixty and seventy children—were educated by Koenig Bey, a Frenchman. Ismail himself was always more French than English in his tendencies, which is not to be wondered at, inasmuch as France had helped him with the Suez Canal, while England opposed it with might and main. Tewfik, however, first took Mr. Mitchell and then Mr. Butler to teach his sons. The result is apparent in Abbas, although at the beginning of his reign he showed signs of yielding to French influence.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, W. W. Morgan (New Barnet).—We have forwarded your letter to our correspondent.

C. H. HARRISON (Gibraltar).—Your problems, at any rate, are now safely to hand. They shall be examined and reported upon at an early date.

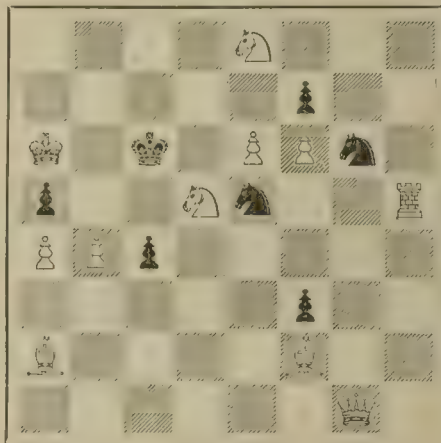
A. F. TAYLOR (Goddalming).—The problem shall have our early attention.

G. J. HICKS (Highbury).—The problem shall certainly appear if quite sound, and the other is not forgotten.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2918 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 2920, 2921, and 2924 from E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 2927 from George Jersey Farmer (Amsterville, Ontario); of No. 2928 from Edward J. Sharpe, R. Nugent (Southwold), and R. W. W. (Canterbury); of No. 2929 from J. Bailey (Newark), Edward J. Sharpe, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), T. Wetherall (Manchester), and Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2930 received from Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), F. W. Moore (Brighton), T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Charles Burnett, Martin E. R. Winters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento, W. F. Didwell (Southsea), Edith Corser (Reigate), C. E. Perugini, H. Le Jeune, F. Dabry, W. A. Lillie (Edinburgh), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Coham), F. Harrison (Liverpool), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2929.—By PERY HEALEY.

WHITE.
1. Q to B 4th
2. Mates.BLACK.
Any movePROBLEM No. 2932.—By W. CLINGTON.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Game played in the International Tournament between Messrs. J. MURPHY and D. JAKOWSKI. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	17. B to Q 2nd	Castles (Q R)
2. Kt to Q 3rd	2. Kt to B 3rd	18. P to R 6th	P to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th	3. B to B 4th	19. Castles (Q R)	K R to Kt sq
4. P to Q 3rd	4. P to Q 3rd	20. P takes P	P takes P
5. P to B 4th	5. Kt to B 3rd	21. Q R to B sq	K to R sq
		22. Q to B 7th	R to R sq
It would appear that this is too slow, in a position Kt to Kt 5th offers many temptations, and would have been more to the point.		So don't a trap, thinking the Pawn could not safely be taken. But White shows the fallacy of such an idea very easily.	
6. P to B 6th		23. Q takes P	Q R to Kt sq
This is poor generally, but it prevents the advance of the Knight as suggested.		24. Q to Kt 7th	
7. Q to B 3rd	7. Q Kt to R 4th	Here is the critical point. If B takes Q, P takes R, and White gets the Knight as well, with a Pawn that must win at least the other Rook. This game was awarded the first brilliancy prize.	
8. P to K R 4th	8. P to K R 3rd	25. Kt to B 5th	B to B sq
9. P to K R 4th	9. P to Kt 4th	26. R takes B	B to Kt 5th
10. B to Kt 3rd	10. Kt takes B	27. K to Kt sq	B takes Kt
11. R P takes Kt	11. P to K R 4th	28. P takes B	Kt to B sq
12. P takes P	12. Kt takes P	29. K R to K B sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
13. K Kt to K 2nd	13. Q to Kt 3rd	30. R to Q 7th	R to Q sq
The Queen appears to be useless here for the rest of the game, but Black's position is not lively.		31. Q to K 6th	Kt to B 6th
14. Kt to Kt 3rd	14. B to B 3rd	32. B takes Kt	P takes B
15. B to Kt 5th	15. B to Kt 2nd	33. Q R takes P	Q to B 4th
16. P to K 5th	16. Kt to R 2nd	34. R to B 7th	Q to Kt 4th
		35. R to B 8th	Q to K 4th
		36. Q to K 7th	Resigns.

The Paris Tournament resulted as follows: 1, Lasker; 2, Pillsbury; 3, Marshall and Maroczy; 5, Burn; 6, Tschigorin; 7, Marco and Mises. The only noticeable feature in the competition was the sudden leap into fame of the young American master, who defeated both the leaders, and took so high a place at the finish.

The recent Senior Wrangler, Mr. J. E. Wright, is the President of the University Chess Club, and has the reputation of being a strong player.

A match for the draughts championship of the world has been arranged between Messrs. R. Jordan, the English champion, and Mr. C. F. Barker, representing the United States. It will be played at Boston, U.S.A., in October next.

Read the

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The two extremes of life present a number of phases of high interest to the scientific observer. The investigation of old age, of the conservation of intellectual powers in the wane of life, of the possibility of prolonging existence to a greater length than seems at present possible, are illustrations of topics which must ever possess an attraction for science at large. Even the art of "growing old gracefully" is not a topic to be despised by any means, if it is popularly believed to interest the fair sex more deeply than the sterner moiety of humanity. The other side of life—that which brings us in contact with infancy—naturally does not find such high favour in the eyes of science at large. But Darwin and others made very complete studies of infancy in relation to its awakening to its surroundings, and to the gradual development of sensation and mind-power, which marks the course of human evolution in a personal sense.

Lately I renewed my acquaintance with a very remarkable account of a highly precocious infant, one Christian Heinrich Heineken, of Lübeck; the memoirs of this extraordinary child being the work of his tutor, Christian von Schöneck. The book was published in Göttingen in 1779, so that, whatever we are to think of its contents, the recital can scarcely be regarded as being of an age so venerable that what of truth is contained in it may be supposed to have been thoroughly swaddled in superstition, myth, or exaggeration. After noting the account of what little Heineken appeared to be capable of exhibiting in the way of intellectual exercises, I confess one hardly knows what to believe and what to discredit. I believe the case is not altogether unparalleled. I have come across an account of a certain child called Malkin, whose father acted as biographer, and whose recital was published in 1806. Of this infant prodigy it is related that he could read easily at three and a half years of age, and that he composed poetry at seven. There is nothing, perhaps, antecedently improbable so far in the history of this child; and certain precocious beings at the age of seven are capable of doing things in an apparently sensible fashion such as are usually relegated to a much later age.

The other day, in a London Police Court, a parent applied for advice regarding an obstreperous child of seven years or so, who would not stay at home, and who had got literally beyond parental control. He was given to wandering about London and suburbs in a charmingly free-and-easy fashion, and was otherwise apparently cultivating the desirable virtue of independence in a highly successful manner. Yesterday, I read of another youth of eleven years who rode from London to Edinburgh under the seat of a railway carriage: presumably this was his mode of transit. For the account added that he did not deem it necessary to take a ticket, and his seniors in the free conveyance line are usually looked for under the seats. Juvenile enterprise in these latter days is therefore fairly well exemplified. The cases we hear of must form but a small proportion of those we know nothing of, but I imagine every School Board teacher in a big city could quote a good many examples of like precocity.

The Lübeck infant, however, directed his accomplishments towards intellectual excellence. His aspirations were those of the *littérateur* rather than those of the uncommercial traveller. He was born on Feb. 6, 1721, and died in June 1725. His weaning took place only when he was little over four years old, and it is noted that his physical powers failed greatly after his deprivation of the maternal nourishment. Herr von Schöneck received the care of the babe at a very early period of its life. How it came to pass that the poor unfortunate infant was found to have need of a tutor when other and happier children of his age are more concerned with sleeping than with brain-work is not made quite clear. Whether we are to believe the story as related or not is, of course, a matter which will depend on the reader's view of the reliability of the whole account given by Herr von Schöneck; but this much one may say, that the recital is of a very circumstantial nature throughout.

When little Heineken was a year old, it is stated, he was familiar with the main incidents related in the Old Testament. In six months more he had digested the New Testament in similar fashion, and when he was about two and a half years old he was a devoted student of history at large. We are also asked to believe that at this period he had acquired a voluminous and extensive Latin vocabulary. Apparently Herr von Schöneck's ideas of culture included a profound appreciation of theology as a fit topic for infantile education. When the child was four years old he had a course of theology and ecclesiastical history, with a modicum of modern history thrown in. After this recital, what wonder that the poor child collapsed! He was treated to a curriculum which older students only manage to acquire after a long course of head-cooling with wet towels. If his poor little brain-cells accomplished even a tithe of that which his biographer details, we need feel no surprise that they speedily gave out under the strain to which a course of dogmatic theology must have subjected him.

I pass over other alleged wondrous feats of this child, and come to his voyage to Copenhagen, which was undertaken at the boy's own desire. This was in July 1724, and his mother and (for obvious reasons) nurse and tutor formed the party. We learn that he took a little tea in addition to the natural food of infants, with a little soup occasionally added. After an interval, Heinrich had an audience of the King. He greeted the King with a French phrase, and then delivered an oration. It is related, however, that in the middle of the declamation the child turned to his nurse and informed her that he was thirsty. Then the oration was resumed, and the further talents of the child exhibited. To the last, his learning flowed from his lips, and when near his latter end he went over the bones on the skeleton which had been used as an object-lesson. "Grimace anticipation indeed!" The story may be true, but one can only (and devoutly) hope that any such future exhibitions of infantile precocity will be discouraged by the humanity of the age we live in.



ON THE HEELS OF THE BOERS: MOUNTED INFANTRY ATTACKING A WAGON TRAIN.

LADIES' PAGE.

Princess Christian's Homes for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors will benefit largely by the bazaar held at Olympia, at which H.R.H. sold in person, with the combination of gentility and energy that distinguishes her on such occasions. She wore a handsome gown of black grenadine relieved with white lace. Most of the stall-holders were attired in an imitation of uniform, modified and made becoming. Captain Lambton, of the *Powerful*, is, of course, a son of the late Lord Durham, and his sister, Lady Pembroke, was helping to sell at the *Powerful* stall, looking most handsome in an admiral's uniform and cocked hat; while the lovely young Lady Chesterfield was equally well suited by the uniform of an officer of Hussars. Some of the stall-holders wore ordinary gowns, among these being Lady Wood in green foulard, the bolero lined with orange-coloured silk; Lady Maitland in grey voile with lace insertions; and Lady Beehive in black grenadine.

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace has become one of those "things to do" that the fashionable world does not feel at liberty to overlook. In the enormous audience that filled the nave there were gowns of all descriptions.



A GRACEFUL GOWN.

But I saw many that would not have discredited Ascot enclosure. One was in brilliant scarlet chiffon, accented over silk of the same shade, made with a very deep yoke of Irish crochet lace over white satin, relieving the face from undue glare. The hat was white chip trimmed under the brim with cherries, and above with scarlet chiffon and white ostrich plumes. Another was a pink taffetas figured with green sprays; four rows of Valenciennes lace were inserted in the skirt over apple-green lining, and the bodice was bloused on either side of a vest of pleated white chiffon, barred over with narrow black velvet, each bar centred by a star sapphire stud; a little capote in misty grey tulle with lace fans and pink chiffon rosettes completed a lovely toilette. Another distinguished gown near me was in thin white cashmere, with narrow belt and collar-band of black velvet, a roll collar and revers of pink velvet, and a pink chiffon front embroidered lightly with gold sequins. The skirt had a narrow front panel of tucked pink silk, with black velvet bands down each side to outline it. Muslins and batistes on girls look as charming as anything more splendid, and the great orchestra was a sight comparable to a parterre in full bloom with butterflies hovering above, so varied and dainty was the colour effect. It is a unique sight—and sound. By the way, the Palace grounds are charmingly illuminated at night, and with the fountains lit with coloured electric lights, are really a joy to behold. A pleasant expedition from town is to go down either by road or rail, to dine in the new restaurant overlooking the grounds, and stop to see the fireworks and illuminations.

With Henley, we all feel that the season's regular functions are drawing to a close; and the summer sales come to remind us of the passage of time. It is stated



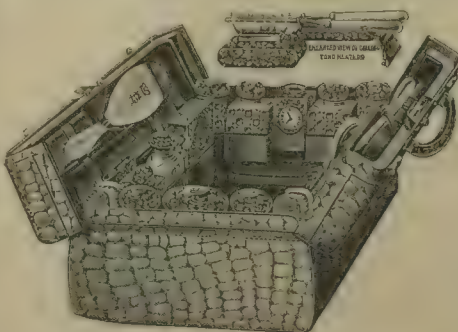
THE CITY OF YORK'S GIFT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The lid of the casket is domed and divided into panels, each decorated with repoussé emblems relating to the ancient city of York. On the back of the lid is shown the Prince of Wales's plumes and motto, while surrounding the lid are the full arms of his Royal Highness, all in enamel. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, and supplied through Messrs. Kleisser and Sons, York.

that there will be exceptional bargains this year, owing to the depression in society caused by the war. The advance peep that I have had at the good things catalogued by Messrs. Peter Robinson for their sales, which begin on July 2, show that both the famous establishments bearing this name are prepared with an excellent show of season's goods at great reductions on season's prices. The Regent Street house, 232 to 264, Regent Street, makes a speciality of black dress materials, and these are reduced to exceptionally low prices for the sale. There are dress lengths in a great variety of materials, from figured alpacas as low as half a guinea the length, to embroidered voile and cashmere at three guineas and more. The made-up costume department offers voile, skirts, with silk linings and full bodice material, for a little under three pounds.

Messrs. Peter Robinson's, at Oxford Circus, announce with perfect truth that they have "everything for ladies' wear." Unusual, indeed, would be the requirement that could not here be met. Now the manager of every one of the many departments of the great establishment has marked off the utmost possible from the prices of his stock to make room for the new goods that in a few weeks must replenish shelves and drawers. An excellent department here is the mantle-room, which contains the most stately and costly productions of Madame la Mode, as well as the useful, cheap, and yet not common-looking garments that the mother of many daughters must seek. Capes and coats will be found in infinite variety, literally in their thousands, and many are reduced to half price. Now is the time of year to buy your furs, and Peter Robinson's offer you the opportunity, at most moderate lowest summer price. There are excellent materials, both in black and coloured dress lengths; a silk stripe grenadine canvas, full dress length, for the absurdly low price of 15s. 6d., may be quoted as an example of many good quality robes at incredible prices. Ladies' outfitting, millinery, table and other linen, art embroidery, boots, fancy goods in the bazaar, and everything else will be found reduced in the same tempting fashion. All the latest little notions of dress are to be seen too. There are, for instance, a variety of the newest of neck-ruffles, collars, and ties; and there is an ingenious invention called "the pulley belt," where the ends of the belt, passing through rings, allow of a leverage being exerted that will keep the most untidy blouse in good position.

When all the world is beginning to think about a holiday, and is considering the needful accessories, a visit to the palatial and well-stocked premises of Messrs. Drew and Son, at Piccadilly Circus, will settle all questions. They are the actual manufacturers of the goods that they sell, and the reputation of their dressing-bags, trunks, and other specialties is world-wide, as real English-made goods are proved to be stronger, better finished, and more practical than cheap foreign imitations. Of the dressing-bags, there is an endless stock in every leather and in all styles of fitting. A handsome one, just completed for a gentleman, is polished crocodile, with the fittings all of silver—no glass—so that the roughest travel wear-and-tear cannot break anything. The newest ladies' dressing bags and cases are lined with leather instead of silk; one in polished pig-skin inside and out, with the fittings of silver-gilt repoussé work, competed for my ardent admiration



A HANDSOME LADIES' DRESSING-CASE.—MESSRS. DREW.

with a more costly one of crocodile-leather outside, and the delicate grain of seal-leather for lining, and fittings of solid eighteen-carat gold and tortoiseshell—fit for a duchess. Messrs. Drew and son have a huge stock of travelling-

trunks, and can supply from the orthodox size steamer-trunk for any line up to a mammoth dress-basket, in which Ginevra might hide; "drawer-trunks," very convenient for the Custom House, are their latest manufacture, while their well-known "Grande Vitesse," appreciated by lady travellers, contains a series of trays. Hat-cases for ladies, with basket-work cones on which to pin our headgear, are another invention for which Messrs. Drew deserve our thanks. Their celebrated "En Route" tea-baskets, as used by the Queen, to prepare the indispensable beverage in the railway train, or in the carriage during a long afternoon drive, are too well known to need description; china cups, held in a cage, can now be had in place of unbreakable enamel. Messrs. Drew have just executed an order for a tea-basket, fitted in solid silver-gilt, for a wedding-present. Most complete and carefully thought-out luncheon-baskets for one person or many are also in stock; and ladies' hand or chateleine bags, purses, and card-cases, flasks, and scent-flacons, and in short, every travelling necessity, are there for selection.

Wise women when travelling do not entrust their jewels to the best of cases and the "slimmest" kind of locks, but leave the gems shut up at the banker's, and carry for daily wear the admirable imitations of the Parisian Diamond



AN ELEGANT COSTUME.

Company, which, being quite undetectable, and perfectly artistic, answer every purpose, and are easily replaced if lost. London has been stirred this week by the tale of the loss at a great hotel of the jewels belonging to a Russian Princess, and a rumour, afterwards contradicted, was to the effect that those stolen were only the fine Parisian copy of her state gems, by which even the expert hotel thieves were deluded! Pearls perfect in "skin" and make, that might deceive any expert, can be seen at 143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, or 43, Burlington Arcade.

Does every housewife know that there is more than one kind of sugar? Well, we all ought to be aware of the fact, it seems, for if we were to demand cane-sugar from our grocers and stores, and see that we got it, we should at one and the same time benefit the West Indian colonies and our own households. Beetroot is used to make the sugar most commonly sold to us, and not only is this not produced in the British Empire, but further, it is averred on scientific grounds to be far less valuable as an article of food, and far less sweetening, and therefore inferior economically to the genuine product of the West Indian sugar-cane. The best cane-sugar is made in the form of crystals, and is known as "Demerara"; but alas! the profit-seeking grocer is too apt to supply us when we order "Demerara" with beet-sugar in poor imitation, if we are not careful to make him guarantee the real article—when a false description brings him under the law. The other form is that of soft brown sugar, which is the sweetest and most nutritious of all sugars and invaluable in cookery, especially for cakes, gingerbread, and so on. Cane sugar of this dark soft variety is said to be also most useful in stock-rearing; in the proportion of half a pound daily, it fattens and improves cattle wonderfully. FILOMENA.



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THE LATE LORD LOCH.

Lord Loch has not lived to see the exact working-out of the South African problem, in the earlier stages of which he had himself played no inconsiderable part. On Wednesday evening of last week he passed away at his residence in Lowndes Square after a long illness. Henry Brougham Loch was born in May 1827, and was the youngest son of Mr. James Loch, of Drylaw, who once sat in Parliament for St. Germans and the Wick Burghs. As something of the perpetual rolling stone, Lord Loch may be quoted as happy to find that young men unable at once to discover their vocation: for, rolling stone as he was, he undoubtedly did conspicuously gather moss. At first he entered the Navy; but after serving for a brief period as a midshipman, he exchanged into the Army. The cornet of the 3rd Bn. Light Cavalry soon found himself on active service in the field. He went through the Suttlej Campaign with credit; and on the outbreak of the Crimean War he was sent, with the rank of Major, to Bulgaria, to assist in organising the Turkish Irregular Cavalry. A little later, and his career began to take the shape it was finally to assume. The Earl of Elgin in 1857 offered to name him on his Special Embassy to China and Japan. The offer was accepted, and Loch, still a soldier,

though on the brink of diplomacy, was also attached to the headquarters of the army engaged in China during the war. He was next heard of as the bearer to England of the Treaty of Yeddo, concluded with Japan; and, back in China again, he was taken prisoner by the Chinese at the battle of Kang-Kion-Wan, though he was under the protection of a flag of truce. The Chinese captors were

very proud of their prisoner; and, together with Mr. Bowby, the *Times* correspondent, he was placed on exhibition in a cage. On his liberation he was again a Treaty-bearer—that of the Convention of Peking; and before the last word on that war had been said, he had his Companion-ship of the Bath. The decisive turn in his career had now come; and for two years he acted as Private Secretary to Sir George Grey, then at the head of the Home Office. Later, for twenty years, Loch held the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope, which was his last post. However, did not superinduce mental atrophy. On the contrary, he felt the need for a larger outlet for his powers, and this the Governorship of Victoria, to which he was nominated in 1884, conveniently supplied. Five years later, to the regret of the Victorians, he left the Antipodes for South Africa, where he became High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. His retirement in 1895 was greatly regretted; it was also the occasion of his being made a peer and a Privy Councillor. Lord Loch, who married Miss Elizabeth Villiers, a sister of the Countess of Lytton, leaves two daughters and one son, the Hon. Edward Douglas Loch, D.S.O., who was born in 1873, and is now serving in South Africa.



Colonel Hodgson. Lord Loch. Commander P. G. Hough, R.N.
THE LATE LORD LOCH AND OFFICERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.
Photograph by Robinson.

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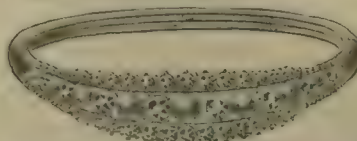
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1899), with a codicil (dated Feb. 10, 1900), of Mr. Richard Henry Combe, J.P., D.L., of Pierrepont, Frensham, and 6, Chesterfield Gardens, who died at Cairo on April 8, was proved on June 14 by Captain Christian Combe, Richard Combe, and John Abdy Combe, the sons, and James Farquharson Remnant, the executors, the value of the estate being £651,573. The testator gives £500, the use for life of Pierrepont and of 6, Chesterfield Gardens, and all the furniture and household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Esther Fanny Combe; £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ida Streatfield; £50,000 to his son Richard; his estate at Stratheman, N.B., with the furniture, pictures, plate, live and dead stock, etc., to his son Christian; £30,000, and his stud of thoroughbred horses, to his son Harvey; £30,000 to his son Boyce; £25,000 to his son John Abdy; £500 to Frances Mary Paget; £200 to his steward, Alfred Mitchell, and £100 to his gardener, Joseph Turner. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to pay £6000 per annum to his wife; £100 per annum to James Farquharson Remnant, during the joint lives of himself and Mrs. Combe, and to accumulate the remainder until the decease of his wife. At her death he gives No. 6, Chesterfield Gardens to his son Christian; the Pierrepont, Hantley, and Westbrook estates and £50,000 to his son Richard, £10,000 each to his sons Harvey, Boyce, and John Abdy, and the ultimate residue to his son Christian.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 17, 1897) of Mrs. Lydia Chibben Pike, of Besborough, Blackrock, Cork, who died on March 22, granted to Joseph Pike, Ebenezer Pike, and Robert Leckey Pike, the sons, and Richard Goodbody, the executors, was resealed in London on June 18, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £163,142. The testatrix bequeaths £20,000 each to her daughters Mrs. Sarah Louisa Strangeman, Mrs. Henrietta Sophia Ryley, Mrs. Elizabeth Pike Goodbody,

Anne Emily, and Florence Lilian; £200 to her daughter Mrs. Mary Leckey Pease as a souvenir; £10,000 to her son Robert Leckey; £1000 each to Richard Goodbody and Mr. Strangeman; £100 each to the Hospital for Women and Children, the Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Women's Christian Association, all of Cork; £100 for distribution among her servants; her furniture and household effects, carriages and horses, and the money at the Bank of Ireland

Gilbey Gold, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £193,407. The testator gives 6500 preference shares of £10 each in W. and A. Gilbey, Limited, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Ann Gold, during her life or widowhood, or of one third thereof in the event of her remarriage, and subject thereto he settles the said shares upon his four daughters Kathleen Gilbey Watney, Emily Gilbey Gold, Ellen Gilbey Gold, and Beatrice Gilbey Gilbey. He further gives

£25,000 and 1540 ordinary shares in W. and A. Gilbey, Limited, upon trust, during the life or widowhood of Mrs. Gold, to pay £600 per annum to each of his daughters, and the remainder of the income thereof to his four sons. On her death, or should she again marry, he gives 340 of such shares to his son Alfred, and 400 shares and £5000 each to his sons Sydney, Quiller, and Harcourt. Mr. Gold bequeaths £1000, and his furniture, plate, pictures, carriages, horses, plants, and personal articles to his wife; 500 ordinary shares of W. and A. Gilbey to his son Alfred; 1200 of such shares each to his sons Sydney, Quiller, and Harcourt, and any other of such shares he may die possessed of to his four sons, in equal shares; £500 each to his four daughters; an annuity of £150 to his sister Mrs. Emma Strange; an annuity of £120 to his sister Mrs. Ellen Hale; £500 each to his nephews Arthur, Frederick, and Thomas Gold; £6600 debentures of W. and A. Gilbey to his son

Alfred; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, in equal shares, to his children.

The will (dated May 17, 1897) of William, Earl of Radnor, of Longford Castle, Salisbury, and 12, Upper Brook Street, who died on June 3, was proved on June 14 by Cecil Chaplin and Ernest Chaplin, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £120,801. The testator gives £3000, his leasehold premises in Upper Brook Street, and the furniture and effects therein to his wife, Helen Matilda, Countess of Radnor; £100 to his daughter, Lady Skelmersdale, as a mark of affection, she being already provided for; the policies of insurance on his life



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The wagons are drawn by 112 for troop work, the rest for transport. It has 120 horses.

to her daughters Anne Emily and Florence Lilian; and other legacies. She devises her property at Besborough and Ballimore to her daughters Anne Emily and Florence Lilian as joint tenants, and the remainder of her real property in the County and City of Cork to her sons Joseph and Ebenezer. The residue of her property she leaves to her three sons.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1894), with a codicil (dated March 29, 1900), of Mr. Henry Gold, of Cookham, Berks, and the Pantheon, Oxford Street, who died on May 1, was proved on June 20 by Alfred Gilbey Gold, Sydney Charles Gilbey Gold, Quiller Orchardson Gilbey Gold, and Harcourt

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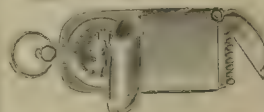
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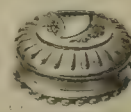
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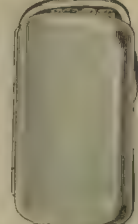
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in the North British and Mercantile Company, his shares in the Phoenix Fire Office and the Western Gazette Company, and in other companies at Folkestone, a mortgage for £5000, two thirds of the money at his bankers on any account and in the hands of his agents, and two thirds of the probate valuation of his racing and farm stock to his son Stuart Pleydell Bouverie; and an annuity of £50 to his stud groom, Thomas Bushell. The residue of his property he leaves to his son the present Earl of Radnor. He appoints £10,000, the remainder of the funds of his marriage settlement, to his son Stuart, and under the provisions of the will of his late father, he charges the property settled thereby with the payment of £5000 to his son Stuart and of a jointure of £2500 to his widow, Lady Radnor.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1889) of Mr. Robert Robinson Drabble, of Woodside, Sundridge, Kent, was proved on June 16 by Mrs. Amy Drabble, the widow, and Robert Brownell Drabble and Peter Brownell Drabble, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £115,841. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, carriages and horses to his wife; and the farm called Little Sutton Street Farm, at Sundridge, to his son Robert. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood. Subject thereto, he gives his premises called Woodside, the Birchfield Farm, adjoining, and Prospect House, Sundridge, to his son Robert; and the ultimate residue of his property as to two sevenths each to his sons, and one seventh each, upon trust, for his daughters, Dorothy Grace, Helen Wilson, and Margaret.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1889), with a codicil (dated Nov. 28, 1891), of Mr. Robert Jacob-Hood, of 25, Bramham Gardens, South Kensington, a director of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, who died on May 10, was proved on June 19 by George Percy Jacob-Hood, the son, and Charles John Jacob-Hood, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £78,421. The testator bequeaths certain pictures, silver, and books, and his patents, medals, and diaries, to

his eldest son, and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated July 9, 1883) of Mr. William Ansell, J.P., of Coisygodol, Duffryn, Merioneth, formerly of Churt, near Farnham, Surrey, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on June 9 by William Ansell, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £77,934. The testator gives £100 to his wife, Mrs. Frances Ansell, and £50 to his executor. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay one third of the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood, and subject thereto for his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1900) of Mr. Alexander Sharman Stevenson, J.P., of Otlands Mere, Weybridge, who died on March 29, was proved on June 13 by Mrs. Alice Isabel Stevenson, the widow, Arthur Gavin Stevenson, the nephew, and Edward Hume, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,876 10s. 1d. The testator gives £1000 to his brother James Cochran Stevenson; £200 to his brother John James Stevenson; £5000 to his daughter Alice Pollock Stevenson on her attaining twenty-three; £100 to his nephew Arthur Gavin Stevenson; and £50 each to his sisters. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated July 21, 1898) of Sir Edmund Douglas Veitch Fane, K.C.M.G., of Boyton Codford, Wilts, late Majesty's Minister at Copenhagen, who died on March 20, was proved on June 13 by Dame Constantia Eleanor Fane, the widow, one of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £27,427. The testator gives to his wife such of his furniture, pictures, plate, etc., as she may select. His younger children having been provided for, he leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his son Henry Nevill on his attaining twenty-five years of age.

The will (dated March 21, 1889), with a codicil (dated July 6, 1893), of Mr. Stanley Edward Hicks, J.P., D.J.,

of Wilbraham Temple, Cambridge, who died on March 23, was proved on June 9 by Reginald Stanley Hicks, the son, and Arthur John Finch, the executors, the value of the estate being £23,460. The testator charges the premises comprised in an indenture of Jan. 20, 1864, with the payment of a jointure of £200 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Frances Shaipe Hicks, and he devises all his real, copyhold, and leasehold property to the trustees of the above indenture, to be held upon the same trusts as therein mentioned. He bequeaths £500, and part of his furniture, plate, etc., to his wife, and £100 to Arthur John Finch. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

Letters of administration of the estate of General Alexander Robert Manson, Bombay Army, of 19, Duke Street, St. James's, who died on April 28, intestate, have been granted to Mrs. Louisa Anna Cumberland, the sister, the value of the estate being £30,852.

For the convenience of passengers travelling through by the express train to Berlin, North Germany, and to Norway, etc., via Harwich and the Hook of Holland, the Great Eastern Railway Company have arranged a restaurant-car on the morning express from the Hook to Osnabrück, which will enable travellers not only to breakfast en route, but to lunch comfortably before arriving at Osnabrück Junction. On the return journey the same car will enable passengers to dine before arriving at the Hook of Holland.

The Great Western Railway is, as usual, making special preparations for the Henley Regatta traffic. On the three days the ordinary service between Paddington and Henley will be suspended, but the trains which are to fill the gap will leave nothing to be desired. The season tickets which will be issued will be available by any train from June 30 to July 9 inclusive, or for the three regatta days only, and should be very popular. Full particulars can be had at the company's stations.

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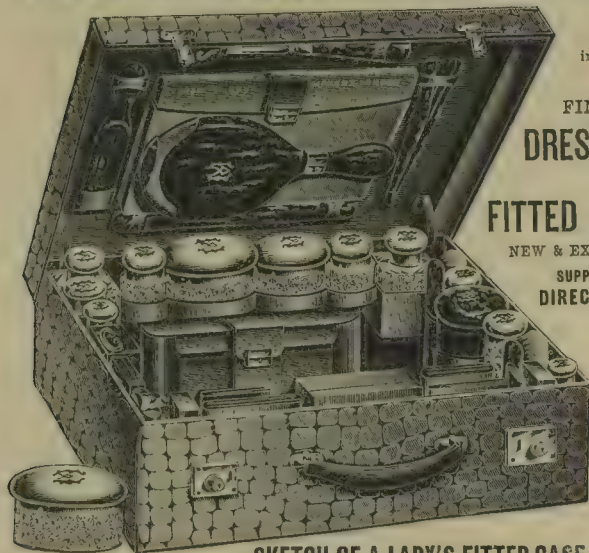
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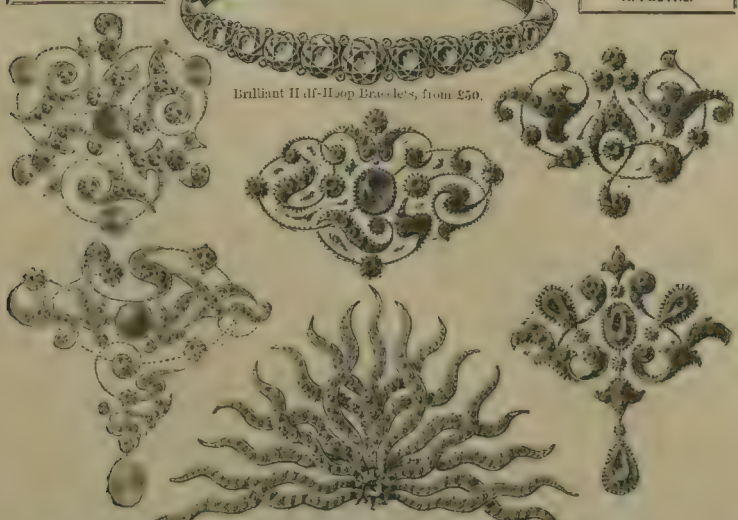
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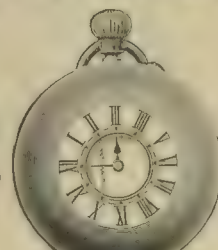
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restores to you the last ten or five per cent. of health, without which all is dulness. Hall's Wine vitalizes and tones, and makes you eager to be up and doing.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At the forty-first annual meeting of the English Church Union the members declared their doctrine of the Holy Eucharist and Sacramental Adoration. Lord Halifax said that to stop the daily celebrations because there was no communicant would cost the Church of England many of her most devoted children; neither would they endure that the primitive and universal practice in the Church of reserving the Blessed Sacrament for the sick and dying should be taken from them.

Canon Newbolt, however, made a conciliatory speech, and advocated the holding of a conference. He urged support of the authorities of the Church, regretted that a great outcry had been raised against the Bishops, and praised the work of the Evangelicals. It would, he said, be a crime and iniquity to seek to drive out any one of them from the Church. It was further resolved that the Church of England should be free to interpret her own formularies. It is, however, very unlikely that the

Evangelicals will now enter into conference. Lord Halifax's declaration will almost certainly be taken as an ultimatum.

The Duke of Newcastle has expressed his sympathy with the Rev. John Wakeford on the issue of the Liverpool libel case. He says: "A costly victory where the cost is in money and the victory in morals is such a victory as the world thinks disastrous, but the Church knows to be eminently Christian."

The S.P.G. is appealing for a quarter of a million as a special thank-offering to mark its bi-centenary, which it began to celebrate on June 16.

The life of the late Lord Plunkett, Archbishop of Dublin, is being written by Mr. F. D. How, son and biographer of the late Bishop Walsham How.

The new Bishop of Liverpool has expressed himself as strongly in favour of good music in the service of the Church. He said that Liverpool was a musical place, and

if the Church was to lay hold of the musical people, she must have in her churches music that commended itself to them.

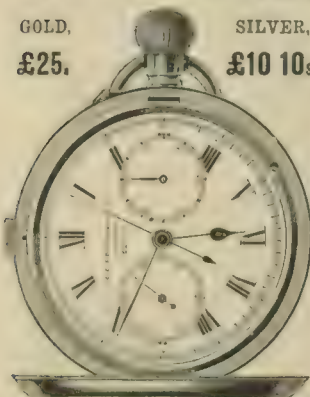
The Great Northern Railway Company announce many important alterations in their train service, commencing July 1, among the most important of which are the running of additional dining-car express trains (first and third class) on week-days, leaving London at 11.20 a.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen, etc., and at 6.15 p.m. for Wakefield and Bradford direct. Additional express trains for the East Coast watering-places will leave King's Cross on week-days at 10.15 a.m. and 1.10 p.m. for Sheringham, Cromer, and other East Coast places.

The Tivoli Restaurant, Strand, has just been reopened by Mr. F. Kissel, lately manager of the Trocadero. At the inaugural reception, held recently, Mr. Kissel was presented with a silver flower-stand and a handsome testimonial by the staff of the restaurant he has left.

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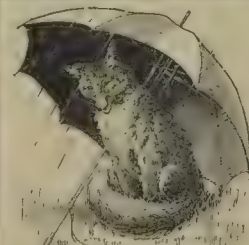
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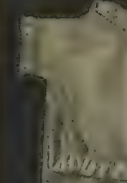
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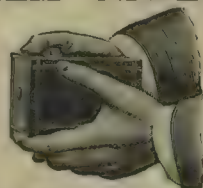
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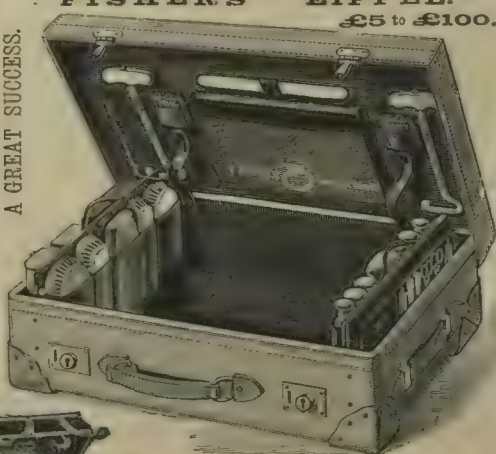
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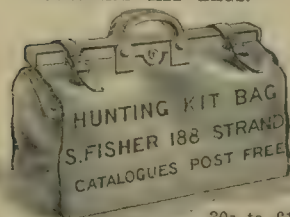
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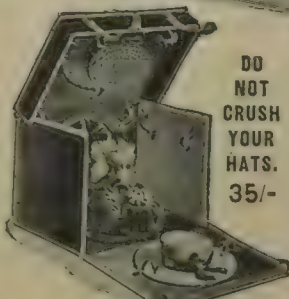
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Fugitives from Pretoria.



CAPTAIN HALDANE. CAPTAIN LE MESURIER.

THE ADVENTURES
OF
CAPTAIN F. N. LE MESURIER,
Dublin Fusiliers,
AND
CAPTAIN HALDANE,
Gordon Highlanders,

Who Escaped from Pretoria to Lorenzo Marques.

*The Sketches and Narrative from Notes supplied to our
Special Representatives by Captain F. N. Le Mesurier.*



CAPTAINS HALDANE AND LE MESURIER AS THEY ARRIVED
AT LORENZO MARQUES.

THRILLING and strange adventures have attended, in all ages, the footsteps of those prisoners of war who, successfully evading the vigilance of their captors, have found their way back to their own people. Captain Haldane and Captain Le Mesurier, two young British officers, belonging the one to the Gordon Highlanders, the other to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, have

proved once more that modern warfare is as full of incidental romance and adventure as in the days of the Prisoner of Chillon and of the more mythical Monte Cristo. Lieutenant (now Captain) Le Mesurier, the son of a distinguished soldier, Colonel P. A. Le Mesurier, C.B., who in 1881 helped to defend Pretoria, had already been stationed in South Africa for three years

when the war broke out, and this must have been of great advantage to him and to his friend when actually engaged in their perilous adventures. Taken prisoner at the end of a long day's fighting, the evening of which saw the finish of the battle of Dundee, he was being hurried up to Pretoria with other comrades in misfortune, when chance brought him across General Joubert. The famous Boer



SURROUNDED: THE FIGHT AT MARITZ FARM, WHERE LIEUTENANT LE MESURIER WAS TAKEN PRISONER, EIGHT MILES FROM DUNDEE.

commander treated the British prisoners with good-natured kindness; but the train soon sped on to Pretoria, and then many weary months were to elapse before the ingenious scheme so cleverly carried out slowly evolved itself from the brains of the two friends. From October, when Mr. Le Mesurier was taken prisoner, to last March the thought of escape was never out of his mind, and many were the methods suggested, considered, and finally rejected by the two young men, who, fortunately for themselves, both enjoyed an exceptionally strong physique. The escape of Mr. Spencer-Churchill naturally greatly angered the authorities, and the British officers found themselves more closely guarded than ever. Accordingly, though as fully determined, the two friends realised that their first idea—that of cutting the main electric wires and escaping past the sentries during the subsequent darkness and confusion—would almost certainly be doomed to failure. The way they finally resolved to adopt was elaborate, physically painful, and full of danger, but on the whole it seemed to offer more chances than any other.

While attempting to tunnel their way out of the building where they were confined, they had found that under the room where they slept existed a certain space, not three feet high, but extending the full breadth of the flooring above. It was in this unutterably noisome spot,

only flooring of their hiding-place—they heard the welcome news that at last the room above them was to be cleared of its occupants. Early the next morning a sudden tramping, followed by silence finally broken by the coming and going of a crowd of townspeople, who roared with laughter at the quaint caricatures of President Kruger and other Boer worthies, due to the clever pencil of one of the British officers, proved that at last their chance might come any night.

As those of us who have ever remained in a cramped-up position for even one hour will easily realise, when they finally emerged through the trap-door which was their only access to the living world, they found themselves quite unable to stand. Their legs, to quote the eloquent expression of one of them, "were as if made of paper," and gave way under them, and this although they had spent a portion of each day creeping about on hands and knees in order to keep up some form of exercise!

They came up through the floor about seven o'clock p.m., and after a considerable interval, during which, gradually, they found themselves reviving with the fresh air, and once more regaining the partial use of their legs, they made their way out of the deserted building, and with infinite difficulty surmounted the railings which separated the ex-prison from one of the principal Pretoria streets. Most fortunately for them, the British officers had early been

which will appear immediately after the declaration of peace, some of the more thrilling episodes cannot, for obvious reasons, be told till the war is really over. Their greatest difficulty lay in eluding the patrols, which consisted, at close intervals, of two men, and, what was far worse, of a dog. It was to escape an unpleasant Boer specimen of "man's best friend" that the fugitives had on one occasion literally to take to the water, and there remained for half an hour up to their necks in reeds, water, and mud.

One morning, just as they had settled down for the day, they became aware that they were at a Boer farm. Here, again, they were more or less a whole day in the power of a dog, for as they lay concealed in a clump of gum-trees, which fortunately afforded shelter for long reedy grasses, a little Boer boy kept running in and out of the farm, always accompanied by his dog. For the whole day the two men lay in an agonised state of defiant suspense; every time the child disappeared into the house they thought he had gone to call assistance in order to capture them, for when the dog approached their hiding-place he naturally growled and sniffed. At last, however, lad and dog disappeared for the night, and they managed to crawl away from this dangerous neighbourhood. Their food completely gave out, and for some time they literally lived on water; constantly they had the agony,



ON THE WAY TO PRETORIA: APPROACHING DANNAUWER STATION.

During the last part of the journey to Dannauwer, the prisoners were accommodated in mule-sengons, on which mattresses were spread. The escort was led by a standard-bearer, carrying the Virivleur. At the station the prisoners were to meet General Joubert.

so damp that after a few hours mould covered the boots of its inmates, that Captain Haldane and Mr. Le Mesurier spent sixteen days. They had, of course, provided themselves with a certain amount of food and water, but neither was of good quality, for both officers confirm the report that the rations served out to the British officers were, considering the manner in which the Boer prisoners were being treated within British lines, disgraceful in the extreme. One unexpected complication which threatened to ruin their plan was only discovered by them after they had been some time in their narrow, self-inflicted prison—namely, that the authorities, changing their minds, intended to leave the prisoners in their present quarters, instead of moving them, as had been arranged, to a new part of the town. Accordingly, during the whole sixteen days spent by the two officers in this terrible and dark chamber of little ease, numbers of prisoners, of course constantly inspected and visited by Boer authorities, were in the room alone, this fact making it extremely difficult for the very few whom they had taken in their confidence to hand them down food and water. Their only means of communication with the living world during the terrible fortnight was through a tiny trap-door, made by them under one of the beds, and the only touch of light glimmered in through a ventilator placed under a verandah. At last, when it appeared as if human endurance could endure no more—during the greater part of the sixteen days the two young men had not been able to kneel or even sit on the hard damp ground, which composed the

deprived of their uniforms, rough reach-me-down suits having been substituted.

Through the bright moonlight on they limped, suspiciously eyed by several of the town police and by the night sentries. They had been able to secrete no arms of any kind, and the state of their limbs would have made a dash for freedom impossible. So there was nothing for it but to go doggedly on, trusting to luck. At last they found themselves well in the open country, and buoyed up by the hope—unhappily not realised—that they would soon come across the railway-line and manage to climb unperceived on one of the slowly moving mail trains wending its way through the veldt to Portuguese territory.

During their long confinement underground they had sustained life on biscuits, potted meat, jam, and indifferent water, but on leaving Pretoria they were reduced to very few provisions, the most important item of which was one portion of Army emergency rations, consisting of half chocolate and half condensed meat, and this portion, which is supposed to last one man thirty-six hours, provided the two friends with their only food during two whole days. In one matter they were fortunate: only during the days when they were compelled to lie concealed in the long grasses did they suffer from thirst; for on their night marches they constantly came across deep, cool pools. And it was in one of these, by the way, that they were able to wash themselves for the first time for about three weeks.

As Captain Haldane and Captain Le Mesurier are telling the story of their many exciting adventures in a book,

for agony it must have been, to see the trains slowly winding by, but every point of the railroad where it would have been possible for them to have thrown themselves into a passing truck was carefully guarded by armed sentries. At last, rendered desperate by lack of food, they determined to risk all for freedom, and coming across a railway-siding where was a truck full of bales marked "Lorenzo Marques," they squeezed themselves under the tarpaulin, and there, as they hoped, securely hidden among the packages, they waited patiently till, with infinite delight, they felt themselves moving off towards the promised land.

When still on the wrong side of the Komati River at Komati Poort, the truck in which they were hidden was suddenly detached from the train, and left standing in the station. The tarpaulin was roughly dragged off, and a Boer, assisted by some Kaffirs, began to search the truck. Presently they went away. The two friends, however, gave themselves up for lost, for it seemed impossible that they had escaped notice. For many long hours they lay quaking, expecting every moment to find themselves roughly jostled out and placed on a train bound for Pretoria. As time went on they realised that they had once more had a miraculous escape, and the next day—they, of course, in the meanwhile having had no food or water—their truck was once more attached to a train, and less than an hour later they had the inexpressible joy of seeing flash by them the white pillar which marks the boundary line between the Transvaal and Portuguese territory.



ON THE WAY TO PRETORIA: GENERAL JOUBERT SUPERINTENDING THE ENTRAINING OF PRISONERS AT DANNHAUSER STATION.

The men of the captured forces travelled in closed vans with a square opening about the middle. The shutters closing this aperture were opened occasionally on the journey, and it was a curious sight to see the prisoners thrust out their heads to snatch a breath of air. The officers travelled in a Pullman car. On the platform of the Pretoria station Captain Le Mesurier happened to be standing while General Joubert was entraining the prisoners. He was at once struck by the name of Le Mesurier, which is that of a Huguenot family, one of whose branches also occurs among the Boers. He immediately sent for Captain Le Mesurier, and then...



PLAYING PATIENCE: SIXTEEN DAYS BELOW THE FLOOR OF THE MODEL SCHOOL AT PRETORIA.

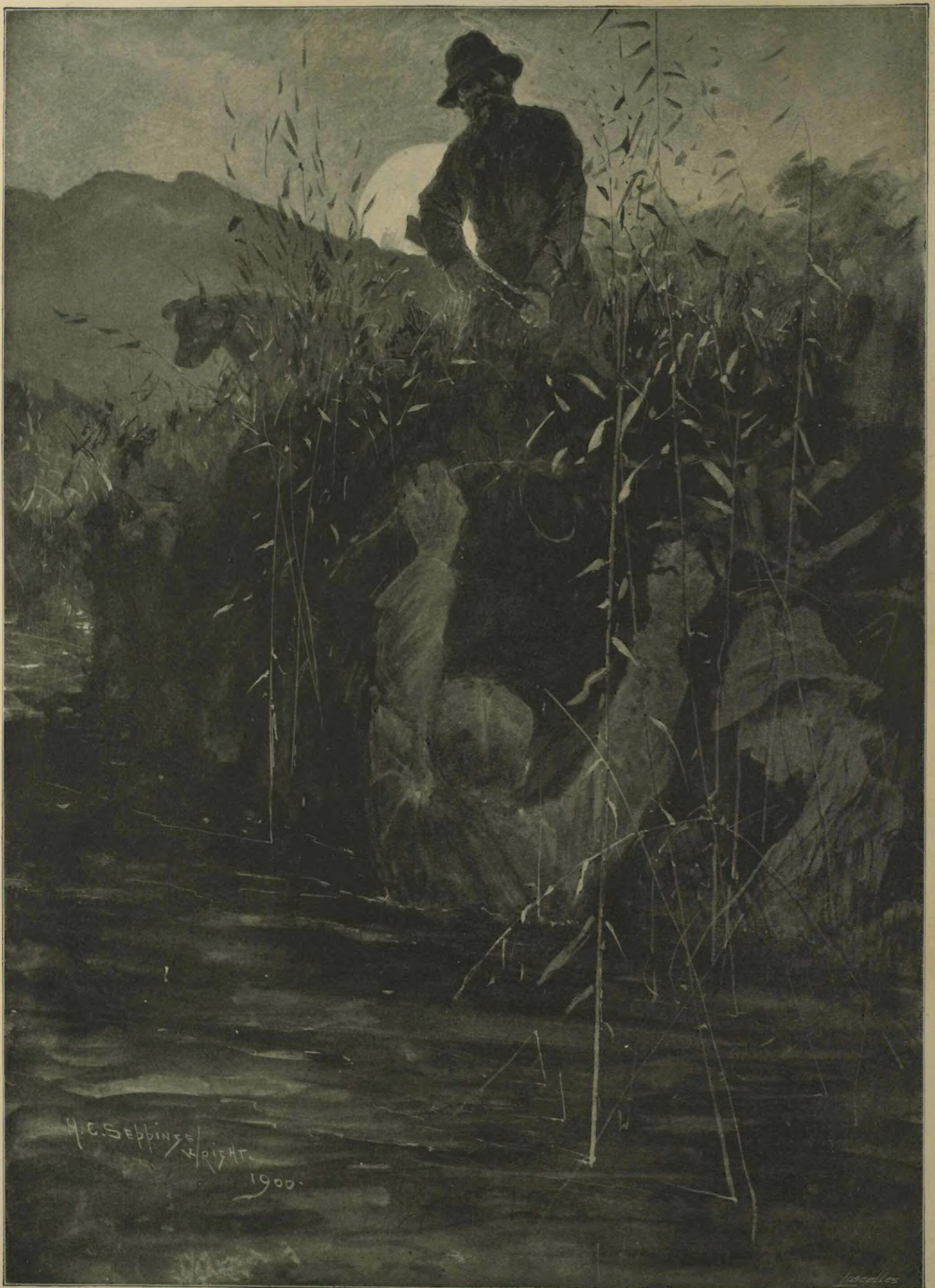
On learning that they and their fellow-prisoners were to be removed from the Model School, Captain Le Mesurier and Haldane hid between the flooring and the cement foundation, in a space 21 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 6 feet high. However, were not removed for sixteen days, and during that time they made the best of it in their cramped quarters, their friends surreptitiously handing them down sardines, boxes of matches, and other necessities. To obtain a little elbow-room they dug out the cement with an old three-cornered French bayonet until they had made a hole eight feet deep and six feet wide. By the dim light of a candle...



WITH CAPTAIN LE MESURIER ON THE WAY TO PRETORIA: THE PRISONERS' FIRST HALT.

At a place the name of which they do not know, the captured Dublin Fusiliers were halted in the rainy dusk. By the wayside was a store which the Boers had looted. The scene was reminiscent of an Irish Fair, for among the storekeeper's stock had been a supply of penny trumpets. Pickle-bottles, sardines, the aforesaid penny trumpet, and all kinds of stuff were hung about the Boers' saddles.

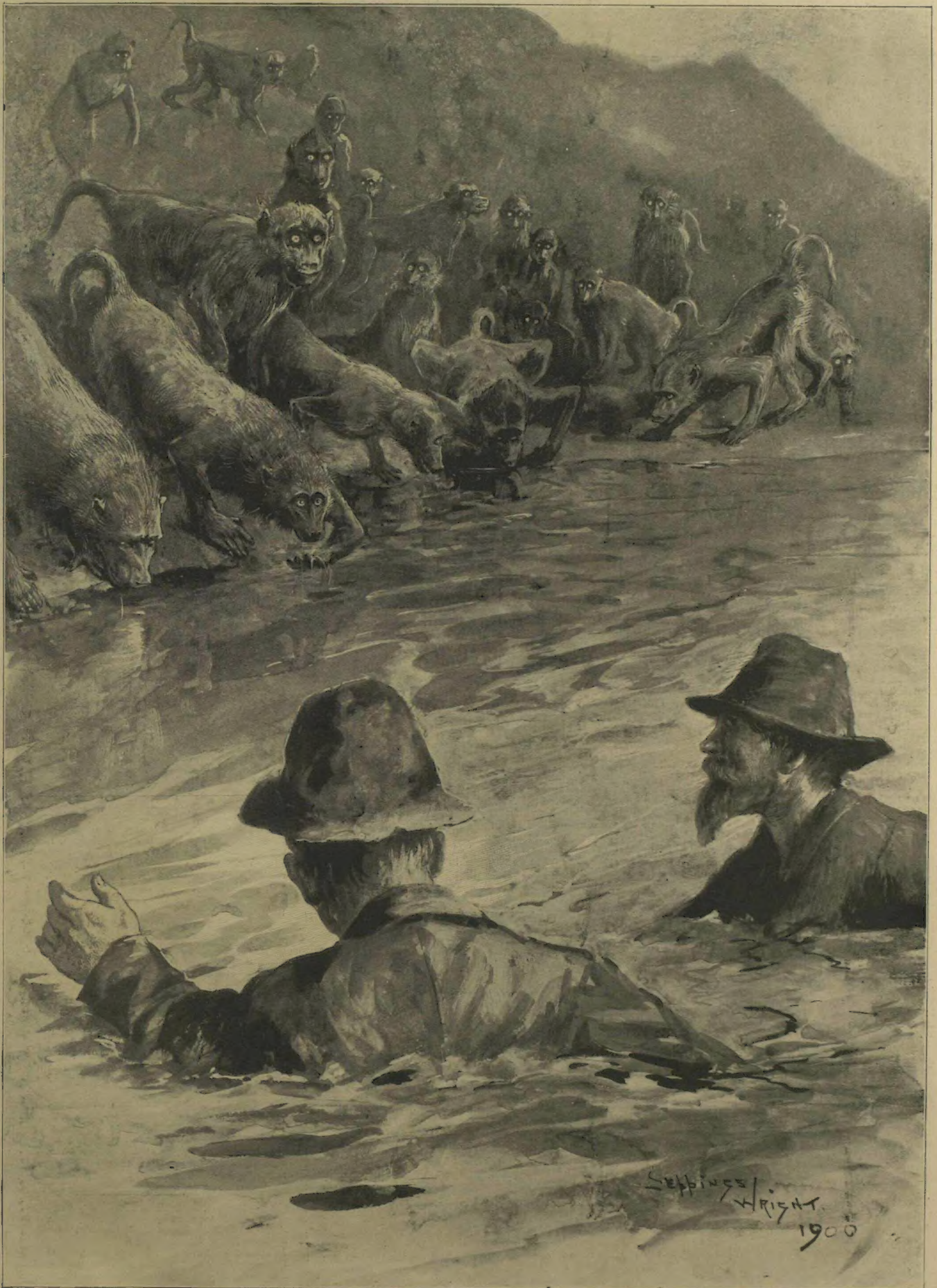
THE ESCAPE OF CAPTAINS HALDANE AND LE MESURIER FROM PRETORIA.



BOERS OR BABOONS: AN ADVENTURE ON THE KOMATI RIVER.

One night, under a full moon, as Captains Le Mesurier and Haldane were skirting the bank of the Komati River, a Boer with a dog and gun suddenly appeared. The fugitives immediately dropped into the water, and remained for about an hour hanging on to the scrub which grew on the banks, while the enemy, who evidently suspected their presence, loitered about for them in vain. At length he departed, and they began to wade across the stream, when a further adventure befell them.

THE ESCAPE OF CAPTAINS HALDANE AND LE MESURIER FROM PRETORIA.



BOERS OR BABOONS: AN ADVENTURE ON THE KOMATI RIVER.

When they had waded halfway across the stream, the fugitives found that their progress was barred, but not this time by men, although the Darvinians may contest this point. The further bank was swarming with dog-faced baboons who had come down to the water to drink. The presence of these unwelcome visitors necessitated a tedious detour of about two miles.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Idea of Tragedy. Three Lectures by W. L. Courtney, with a Prefatory Note by A. W. Pinero. (London: Constable. 3s. 6d.)
A Sportsman in India. By Isabel Savory. (London: Hutchinson. 16s.)
The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. (London: Blackwood. 6s.)
All About Dogs. By Charles Henry Lane. (London: John Lane.)
War and Labour. By Michael Anit-hkrow. (London: Constable.)

It must be very difficult for a good scholar to lecture to a modern audience on the history of the drama, for a great deal of dramatic history is Greek to the ordinary man. In "The Idea of Tragedy" Mr. Courtney struggles cheerfully with his task, surveys with an air of patronage the work of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, talks shrewdly about Shakspeare, and defers to the modern spirit by casual allusions to several worthy but distinctly minor writers. A stronger sense of humour would have prevented the publishers from prefacing a volume treating of such plays as the "Agamemnon" with some pages of chatter by the author of "The Gay Lord Quex." Mr. Courtney hopes that the present awakening of patriotic feeling in England (or should we say Britain?) will result in an artistic aftermath. Mr. Pinero promises that playwrights will at least attempt to respond to the spirit of heroic endeavour. No doubt they will, if they think the heroic more paying than the *risqué*. But in all seriousness, can we expect the national energy to take an artistic form? Of course we are always hearing about the spacious times of Elizabeth; but what did the struggle against Napoleon produce in art or literature? The great writers of the beginning of the century took their impulse from pre-Napoleonic tendencies. And if we go very far afield we find that Arabic poetry was killed by the birth of Islam; the poets of the desert forgot poetry when the Arabs began to conquer the Eastern world. Mr. Courtney's book is very interesting and suggestive; on almost every page a controversy might be based. It is a little startling to hear that tragedy comes from the people, and is a matter not of the reason but of emotion. Is this true without qualification? There is some luminous criticism of Ibsen in the book, but Plato and Aristotle are curiously misrepresented, or rather, Mr. Courtney chooses to express his undoubted knowledge of them in words that must give a popular audience some mistaken ideas.

Miss Savory did not devote by any means the whole of her year's stay to sport—indeed, descriptions of places and people with historical fragments stirred in make up the bulk of "A Sportsman in India"; but there is enough about shikar to redeem her book from the average run of "globe-trotting" literature, and justify its title. She was fortunate in her hosts: the Maharajah of Kapurthala invited her party to his State, and she tasted of the joys of pig-sticking, a sport which few ladies care to share, though, if they possess the nerve, there is no particular reason why they should not. Miss Savory saw some exciting runs, and a full share of the usual hog-hunting accidents to natives; also a nasty mishap to her plucky friend "Mr.," which might well have had a tragic end, the lady's habit as she lay on the ground being ripped by a charging boar; but the author comes to the correct conclusion that fox-hunting is not to be compared with the great sport of the East. She saw bears shot in the Cashmere hills, and though she does not appear to have carried a rifle herself, was always with the guns, and was provided with opportunity



to acquire that measure of respect for Bruin which is his due. The tiger-shooting experiences in the Deccan are not those of the author, but of a lady resident in India. Her name is not given, but she is obviously a woman of more than common courage and steadiness. The same may fairly be said of Miss Savory herself, for her nerves were highly tried on more than one occasion. Whether she deals with Anglo-India, with sport, or interests which lie in the beaten track of the cold-weather tourist, the author is always readable; though of the first she does not write with understanding. She was not invariably lucky in her instructors on natural history. Elephants in the timber-yards are not such free and independent labourers as she seems to imply; a snake cannot "leap its own length upwards or sideways," or in any other direction; nor is that "distinctly shuddering animal," the crocodile, in the habit, while on land, of leaping. We must also demur to the "look of savage triumph" somebody discerned in a crocodile's eye. The illustrations, by Mr. Wimbush and from photographs, are, with one exception, very good; the reservation is necessary in respect of a picture which shows a tiger charging in an attitude known only to heraldry.

The author of "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest" has already seventeen published volumes to his credit, as an advertisement carefully inserted in the present book informs us. Some of these are very favourably known, notably his "Life of the Duke of Wellington" and his "Biography of the Hon. Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B." Sir Herbert is also a recognised authority on sport and topography. He is, moreover, a prolific essayist. It is perhaps natural that such a good all-round "literary man" should try his hand at novels—the book before us is his fifth attempt. We hope it is his last. For it by no means follows that because a man is an authority on salmon and trout and trees and topography and history, that therefore he is able to write

a novel. A man cannot be a novelist of life unless he has felt life intensely and thought about it wisely—"both's best," as the small boy said when asked which cake he would have. But the prolific writer on general subjects, however sane and level-headed he may be, does not often possess these desirable qualities in happy conjunction. His sturdy good sense usually kills his emotion and leaves his book heavy and dull. He generally prefers, therefore, as Sir Herbert has done, to essay the secondary field of sensational romance, of historical adventure. He may succeed in that field, if he have the vivid and visualising imagination which makes distant events and incidents and characters real and moving to our eyes. But vivid and visualising imagination is also a somewhat rare possession. It is not often possessed by the sensible writer on general subjects. His historical novels, therefore, are usually lumbering and ponderous. "The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest" is no exception to the rule. A more heavy-footed performance it has seldom been our lot to witness. Sir Herbert himself seems to have wearied of it, for he (very inartistically) changes the scheme and construction of his book at the one hundred and eighty-first page. As a result of this change the novel possesses the serious fault of not being written in the same key throughout. It begins on one note and ends on another—begins in the language of the thirteenth century and ends in that of our own. In the first chapter we hear of "recheats," and "leams," and "sounders," and "sangliers." In the twenty-first we read that he was "possessed of a magnificent appetite and the Englishman's tendency to put on weight." That sentence is so modern that it might come straight from a sporting novel of the day. Its contrast with the style of the first chapter is glaring. The truth is that the distinguished author felt the historical stilts growing irksome, so he descended to the comfortable levels of the *sermo pedestris*. 'Tis a dull and worthy book.

As a successful breeder and universally respected judge, Mr. Lane is well qualified to tell us "All About Dogs," if his book does not quite deserve its comprehensive title. The author has something to say about every British breed and a good many foreign dogs; but inasmuch as his avowed object is to "stir up in the minds of readers unacquainted with the many charms possessed by dogs a desire to adopt some kind of dog as a companion and friend," he had perhaps done better to devote more attention to the disposition and character of each breed and less to the "points." Everyone would rather have a good dog than a bad one; but for five men who exhibit their dogs, there are ninety-five who do not, and these attach far more importance to temper and intelligence and affection than to the set of the tail, the fall of the ear, or other matters which cease to be trifles only on the show bench. The book practically resolves itself into two parts: the earlier and larger has over it the trail of the judge with a penetrating eye for those "points"; the latter is by the dog-lover, reminiscent and amusing. The anecdotes,

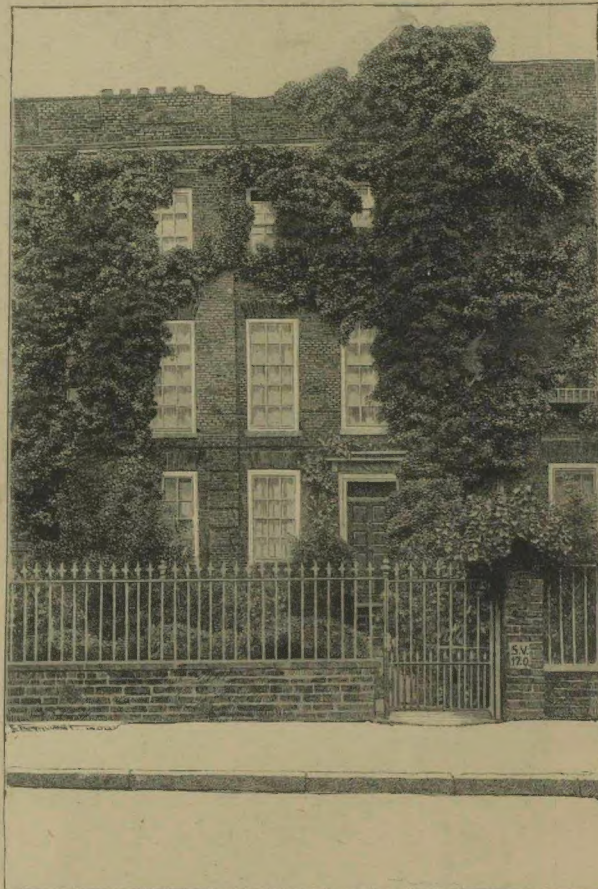


AN INCIDENT OF
PIG-STICKING IN INDIA.

From "A Sportsman in India," By Permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

which fill half-a-dozen chapters, are well chosen, but some have been very often told. The classification adopted is open to criticism in respect of Mr. Lane's inclusion among sporting dogs of the Great Dane and the bloodhound. We do not forget that the former has been used to hunt the boar in his own country, and that the latter has occasionally been used to run deer in this—vide Lord Wolverton's pack of bloodhounds not many years given up; but the foxhound has practically taken the place of the Great Dane on the Continent, and the bloodhound is a "sporting dog" only by courtesy. The packs which hunt the otter in Great Britain do not, as the author seems to imply, consist of true otter-hounds: the Dumfriesshire pack, if we are not greatly mistaken, is the only one of the seventeen establishments which consists of otter-hounds, all the others being formed of foxhounds and crossbreds. Mr. Moore's pictures display artistic skill, delicacy of touch, and in many cases knowledge of his subjects.

In "War and Labour" the author inclines to the view that "war is the only thing with no good in it." There are two currents at work in contemporary life—one gathering and nourishing enmity and dissension, the other bringing peace, content, and unity. Huge armaments are developing which threaten the future with all the miseries of a fierce struggle, and, at the same time, forces appear that seem to promise gradually to avert war between civilised



A VANISHING LITERARY LANDMARK: 8, PARK SHOT, RICHMOND,
WHERE GEORGE ELIOT WROTE "ADAM BEDE."

About the beginning of October 1855, George Eliot and Mr. Lewes went to reside at 8, Park Shot, Richmond, which was their home for more than three years. In this house, she completed some of her most memorable literary work, including her "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Adam Bede." The former work was begun on Sept. 22, 1856, the latter on Oct. 22 of the following year. 8, Park Shot, the home of so many interesting traditions, is soon to be pulled down.

countries. Two theories have been put forward regarding the path to perpetual peace. The first—held by Bloch among others—is that armed collisions, becoming more destructive and disastrous, will finally become impossible. The continual augmentation of tremendous armies and the increased perfection of weapons of precision will make war impossible. War will kill war. The second theory is that arbitration through the institution of international courts will establish peace. The author examines these theories in detail, only to dismiss them. As for the first, he concludes that victory will still be the lot of those who shall excel both in bodily and mental powers. War will disappear as slavery has done by eradicating the causes that breed enmity among civilised nations. The proposed international tribunal will and should appear as the consequence and not the cause of suppression of war. The causes of international antagonism, the writer finds, are almost exclusively economic. He sees in the abolition of all frontier taxes and excises the true path to that free international co-operation which will reduce the armies and fleets to very small numbers. But this forecast refers to civilised States only. Will war be at an end? No; for military collisions with Asiatic despots and savage races, and possibly with certain advanced Republics of South America, will fill another age with martial exploits. But when cultivated nations in all exterior affairs remain in union, armies, fleets, and military budgets will not be great. "When war disappear, national pride will erect monuments to peaceful victories near the monuments of past martial glory." It is well to be sanguine.

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